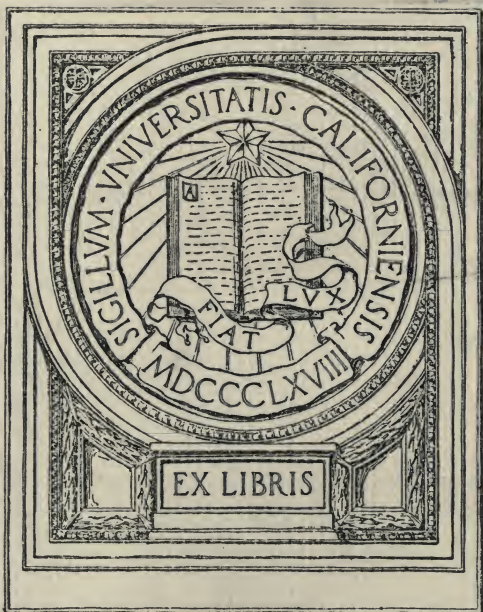


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A HARVEST OF
GERMAN VERSE

A HARVEST OF GERMAN VERSE

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED

BY

MARGARETE MÜNSTERBERG

WITH A FOREWORD BY

KUNO FRANCKE



D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
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1917

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Printed in the United States of America

to
MY FATHER AND MOTHER

435216



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FOREWORD

A new anthology of German lyric verse in English should be a matter of rejoicing to those who look to literature for revelation of national feeling and character. For of all forms of literature, lyric poetry has revealed German national character most directly and fully.

Surely, there have been great manifestations of the German spirit in the epic and the drama. Faithfulness unto death, persistence in love and hatred, unflinching courage, and grim heroism have seldom been brought out in figures as grand and impressive as the colossal figures of the *Nibelungenlied*. And nowhere is there to be found a finer embodiment of German enlightenment than *Nathan der Weise*, of German earnestness and depth than *Wallenstein*, of German idealism than *Iphigenie*, or of the German striving for completeness of personality than *Faust*. And yet it must be said that neither the German epic nor the German drama, as a whole, have been as truly typical of German character as the bulk of German lyrics has been.

The German temper is essentially lyric. To live himself out, to give rein to his feelings, to revel in vague longings for an ideal, in dim divinations

FOREWORD

of the infinite, or in the intoxicating raptures of the moment—all this is natural to the German. Nothing appeals less to him than the petty formalism of correct mediocrity; if he submits to it, he does so only from a sense of duty and in the interest of public discipline and public necessity. Nothing appeals more to him than the expression of a bold, unrestrained, intense, whole-souled personality.

It is easy to see why a people of such a type of mind should have found in lyric poetry the most adequate form of self-expression; why, next to German music, German lyrics should be the richest and the finest revelation of the German soul. German literature and art have not infrequently been lacking in plastic power and in sure grasp of form. But the emotional intensity of German lyrics has created a form of its own, more elastic, more varied, of stronger spiritual appeal, of higher imaginative power than is found in the lyrics of most other nations. To afford glimpses of this elusive and enchanting world of the inner life, its struggles and its joys, its hope and despair, its triumphs and defeats, and its invincible trust in its own higher mission, is indeed doing a service to the cause of the spirit.

KUNO FRANCKE.

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BOOK I

OLD TIME



ANONYMOUS

Twelfth century

I am thine, thou art mine,
And this shall be a sure sign:
Locked fast thou art
Within my heart,
And lost forever is the key;
So thou inside must ever be.

SPERVOGEL

1150-1200.

There is a house in heaven, they say;
You reach it by a golden way.
The pillars are of marble white;
The noblest jewels gleaming bright
The Lord has laid within.
No soul may enter there by right
That is not free from sin.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE

1170-1228

Blessed Be the Hour

Blessed be the hour when first I knew her,
Her who with heart and soul did rout me;
When all my senses were aroused to woo her,
I felt her goodness hover all about me.
And now I cannot part from her again,
Because her beauty and kindness delight me,
And her red, red mouth that laughs so brightly.

My heart and mind I have been turning
Unto the pure one, the good one, the dear one.
Ah, could I but fulfill my yearning:
I trust to her mercy that she will hear one.
All my joy on earth doth come from her,
Because her beauty and kindness delight me,
And her red, red mouth that laughs so brightly.

Longing for Spring

Alas, the winter has hurt us everywhere.
The forest and the heath are both so bare,

OLD TIME

Where many a sweet voice resounded through the
air.

Ah, if on the street I saw the maidens fair
Play ball, the songs of birds would be there.

I should like to sleep through winter's delay.
Jealous I grow when awake I stay,
Because the winter has such a mighty sway.
God knows at last he yields unto May,
Where the frost lies now, I'll pluck a nosegay.

The Oracle

Beset with doubts, in agony
I sat quite long alone and thought
How from her service I might be free,
Until a comfort gladness brought.
This thing a comfort I can hardly call,
'Tis scarce a baby comfort—oh, so small!
And if I tell you, you'll be mocking me:
Yet without cause no one can happy be.

A little stalk has made me glad to-day;
It promised happiness I never knew:
I measured with a stalk of straw in play,
As I had often seen the children do.
Now listen, if her heart my love has heeded:
"She loves—loves not—she loves!" Which
way my hands would bend,
"She loves me!" always was the end.
So I am happy; only—faith is needed!

From "A Dream of Love"

Look, this is why I feel so gay:
I have grown warm with cheer,
Clasped by a dream so dear.
Alas, I had to wake, for it was day.
Hear what she has done unto me:
All the summer I must peer
Into ladies' eyes to see
If I can find my dear: then sorrow's end were near.
Maybe she is going to this dance.
Ladies, I beg you, be so kind,
Push back your hats, if you don't mind!
If I should find her 'neath this wreath by chance!

Under the Linden-tree

Under the linden-tree
Upon the heath,
There I lay with him.—Alas,
When you go there, you'll see
The flowers beneath
Crushed and trodden with the grass.
By the forest in the dale,
Tandarady!
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

I strolled unto the green:
My lover true

OLD TIME

Was waiting there impatiently.
Such welcome ne'er was seen—
Ah, if you knew!
My heart still throbs in ecstasy.
Kisses?—Thousands—more!—he took:
Tandarady!
See, how red my lips now look!

How he caressed me there,
If anyone
Should know: alas, how I should blush!
And all our pastime fair!
Ah, none, none, none
Shall know, but he and I—hush,
hush!—
And the birdie on the tree.
Tandarady!
May that ever silent be!

Give Me Welcome All with Cheer

Give me welcome all with cheer!
Harken, what my tidings fair shall be.
All that you were wont to hear
Is a very trifle: now ask me.
But give me my reward!
Then, if that be good,
I shall tell what you will hear with joyful mood.
Take care, and honours fit accord!

To German ladies I shall say
Such happy tidings as will please them well,
And bring the world beneath their sway;
For no great thanks my tale I'll tell.
Ah, what should I ask?
They're too great, I find.
So I am but modest, pray that they be kind:
Gracious welcome be their task.

In many countries I have fared,
I have seen the best with eager eye.
Woe betide me if I dared
Force my heart that it should ever try
Other lands to love
For their foreign ways.
Should I lie, what profit were false praise?
German manners all above!

From the Elbe to the Rhine,
Back unto Hungarian ground,
There, I wot, the noblest shine
That upon the world are found.
If looks and bearings fair
My eyes can judge aright,
Any woman here surpasses in my sight
High-born ladies fine elsewhere!

German men are nobly bred,
Angels are the women of the land.
He who chides them is misled.

OLD TIME

Other truth I cannot understand.
He who on his way
Seeketh virtue, loving chaste,
Come into our land, for there is joy to waste.
May I live there long, I pray!

VON KÜRENBERG

About 1175

The Falcon

I raised a noble falcon
For more than a year;
And when I had tamed him
And decked his feathers, tying
Them with a golden band,
He rose so swiftly, flying
Far to another land.

Since then I've seen my falcon
Gaily soaring;
And from his feet were waving
Fair silken ribbons,
And on his wings each feather
Was ruddy gold to see;
Ah, God bring those together
Who lovers fain would be!

MARTIN LUTHER

Born 1483 in Eisleben. Died 1546 in Eisleben

From Heaven High

From heaven high I come to you,
And bring you tidings good and new.
So many tidings good I bring,
Thereof I want to say and sing:

For you to-day is born a child,
E'en from a chosen virgin mild,
A child so fair and fine a sight,
To be your joy and your delight.

'Tis our Lord Christ and He will lead
You out of danger, out of need;
Your Saviour He Himself will be,
From all your sins to make you free.

He comes with all the blessings fraught
That He from God on high has brought;
With us in heaven you shall stay,
Now and forever and a day.

Now mark the signs: the manger old,
The swaddling-clothes so plain! Behold:

There lies the child in lowly state,
Who lights the world and bears its weight.

Mark well, my heart, and open, eyes:
See what in yonder manger lies!
Whose is this lovely infant here?
It is the little Jesus dear.

I welcome Thee, my noble guest,
Who to the sinner givest rest.
Thou camest here in misery.
Oh, let me thank Thee ardently!

Creator, Lord, of all things known,
How poor and lowly art thou grown,
That Thou on hay and straw must lie,
With mules and cattle feeding by!

And should the world still greater be,
And gleam with jewels gorgeously,
Yet it would be far, far too small
To be Thy cradle, Lord, at all.

Thy velvet and Thy silk display
Is swaddling-clothes and coarsest hay;
And there, O King so rich and great,
As if in Heaven, Thou dwellst in state.

I know right well it pleases Thee
To show Thy saving truth to me,

How worldly honour, goods and might
Are all as nothing in Thy sight.

Heart's dearest Jesus, with Thy grace,
Make Thee a smooth, white resting-place
Which deep within my heart shall be,
That I may e'er remember Thee,

That I a merry heart may keep,
And ever freely sing and leap,
Aye, sing a lovely lullaby,
With dulcet voice and spirits high.

Praise be to God upon His throne,
Who gave to us His son, His own.
Rejoicing soars the angel throng,
And greets the New Year with its song.

Song of Praise

Be praised, Christ Jesus, fervently,
For Thou a man hast deigned to be,
Born of a virgin: evermore
The angel hosts rejoicing soar.

Kyrieleis!

The everlasting Father's Son
There in the manger lies—the One.
Disguised in our poor flesh and blood,
There lies the world's eternal Good.

Kyrieleis!

In Mary's lap He can repose
Whom the world's sphere cannot enclose;
There as a little child is known
He who upholds all things alone.

Kyrieleis!

See the eternal glory stream
And give the world a bright, new gleam.
It shines in darkest, deepest night,
And makes us children of the light.

Kyrieleis!

The Father's Son, of God-like kind,
A guest in this poor world we find;
He leads us from this vale of woe,
As heirs into His realm to go.

Kyrieleis!

And poor He came upon this earth,
In pity for our lack and dearth,
That we in heaven be rich through Him,
And like His blessèd cherubim.

Kyrieleis!

All this He hath done unto us,
To show His love so marvellous.
So let all Christians happy be,
And thank Him in eternity.

Kyrieleis!

NIKOLAUS DECIUS

Died 1541

Lamb of God, innocent
Slaughtered upon the Tree,
With patience never spent,
Though scorned so cruelly:
All sin, Thou, Lord, dost bear,
Else we must all despair.
Have mercy on us, Jesus!

ANONYMOUS

Songs of sixteenth century

A Lovely Rose Is Sprung

A lovely rose is sprung,
Out of a tender root,
As men of old have sung,
From Jesse's stem a shoot.
And so a flower bright
Has bloomed in coldest winter
E'en in the deepest night.

The little rose I mean
Whereof Isaiah told,
Pure Mary, maid serene
Brought forth alone—behold:
Through God's eternal might
A little child she bore us
E'en in the deepest night.

Folk Song

I heard a sickle rustling,
A-rustling through the grain,
I heard a maid lamenting,
That she had lost her swain.

“Dear, let it rustle, rustle!
I heed not, how it goes:
For I have won a lover,
Where the green clover grows.”

“And hast thou won a lover,
Where thyme and clover grow:
Then I stand here so lonely,
My heart is sore with woe!”

Popular Ballad

Would I were a falcon wild,
I should spread my wings and soar,
Then I should come swooping down
By a wealthy burgher's door.

In his house there dwells a maid,
She is called fair Magdalene,
And a fairer damsel brown
All my days I have not seen.

On a Monday morning early,
Monday morning, they relate,
Magdalene was seen a-walking
Through the city's northern gate.

Then the maidens said: “Thy pardon—
Magdalene, where wouldst thou go?”
—“Oh, into my father's garden,
Where I went last night, you know.”

And when she to the garden came,
And straight into the garden ran,
There lay beneath the linden-tree
Asleep, a beautiful young man.

"Wake up, young man, be stirring,
Oh rise, for time is dear,
I hear the keys a-rattling,
And mother will be here."

"Hear'st thou her keys a-rattling,
And thy mother must be nigh,
Then o'er the heath this minute
Oh, come with me, and fly!"

And as they wandered o'er the heath,
There for these twain was spread,
A shady linden-tree beneath,
A silken bridal-bed.

And three half-hours together,
They lay upon the bed.
"Turn round, turn round, brown maiden:
Give me thy mouth so red!"

"Thou say'st so much of turning round,
But naught of wedded troth,
I fear me I have slept away
My faith and honour both."

“And fear’st thou, thou hast slept away
Thy faith and honour too,
I say I’ll wed thee yet, my dear,
So thou shalt never rue.”

Who was it sang this little lay,
And sang it o’er with cheer?
On St. Annenberg in the town,
It was the mountaineer.

He sang it there right gaily
Drank mead and cool red wine,
Beside him sat and listened
Three dainty damsels fine.

Folk Song

Innsbruck, I must be leaving,
And go my way with grieving
In foreign lands, alack!
My joy has all been taken,
A stranger and forsaken,
I cannot call it back.

Great pain my life must darken,
And thou alone must hearken
To my lamenting, dear.
Into thy heart, oh, take me,
There warm with kindness make me,
When I am far from here.

Oh, thou most comfort-spending,
My love shall be unending,
Staunch, true, without a stain.
God keep thee with His guiding,
Thy virtues be abiding,
Until I come again.

Folk Song

As many as sand-grains in the sea,
As many as stars in heaven be,
As many as beasts that dwell in fields,
As many as pence that money yields,
As much as blood in veins will flow,
As much as heat in fire will glow,
As much as leaves in woods are seen
And little blades of grass in green,
As many as thorns that prick on hedges,
As grains of wheat that harvest pledges,
As much as clover in meadows fair,
As dust a-flying in the air,
As many as fish in streams are found
And shells upon the ocean's ground,
And drops that in the sea must go,
As many as flakes that shine in snow —
As much, as manifold as life abounds about,
abroad,
So much, so many times forever we must thank
our God.

MARTIN RINCKART

Born 1586. Died 1649 in Eilenburg.

Now Let Us All Thank God

Now let us all thank God with heart and lips and
hands,
Who doth great things to us and men in all the
lands,
Who from the mother's womb and tender child-
hood days
Hath done us too much good, whose kindness ever
stays.

From His eternal store may God, the while we live,
An ever thankful heart and peaceful spirit give,
May He forevermore with His great mercy bless
And keep us everywhere and save us from distress.

Praise, honour, glory be to God the Father, Son
And Him who is like both in Heaven—the three
times One,
As He was from the first and as He is to-day,
And as He will remain forever and for aye.

PAULUS GERHARDT

Born 1607 near Wittenberg. Died 1676 in Lübben

To the Face of the Lord Jesus

Oh, wounded head and bleeding,
By pain and scorn bowed down!
Oh head, the gibes unheeding,
Bound with a thorny crown!
Oh head, once decorated
With honours gloriously,
Now tortured so and hated,
I greet and worship Thee!

The pain Thou hast been winning
Should all my burden be:
'Tis all through my own sinning—
The torture borne by Thee.
Look, here I stand before Thee,
A sinner in his plight;
Forgive me, I implore Thee,
Grant me Thy mercy's light.

Undaunted I stand by Thee.
Lord, my repentance take!
I'll tarry when they try Thee,

And when Thy heart must break;
When death at last doth hold Thee,
And makes Thy face turn white,
My loving arms shall fold Thee,
Upbear Thee in Thy plight.

This is my consolation,
And gives me joyfulness:
Myself and my salvation
I find in Thy distress.
Ah, fain I would be leaving
My life upon Thy tree.
Thou art my life: no grieving,
But sweetness that would be!

I thank Thee in my blindness,
Oh Jesus, dearest friend,
For Thy good-will and kindness,
Thy suffering to the end.
Oh, let me not forsake Thee,
Not Thee, Thou Faithful One,
When death shall overtake me,
My life in Thine be done.

Draw nigh, Thy servant shielding,
A comfort in my death,
Let me behold Thee, yielding
Upon the cross Thy breath:
Aye, long I will behold Thee,
Faith in my soul shall dwell,

When to my heart I fold Thee:
Who thus may die, dies well.

Go Out, My Heart

Go out, my heart, and seek delight,
In this dear summer time so bright,
In God's abundance daily;
The beauty of these gardens see,
And look, how they for me and thee
Have decked themselves so gaily.

The trees with spreading leaves are blessed,
The earth her dusty rind has dressed
In green so young and tender.
Narcissus and the tulip fair
Are clothed in raiment far more rare
Than Solomon in splendour.

The larks soar high and higher rise,
And from her cave the pigeon flies,
Into the forest winging.
The most accomplished nightingale
Fills mountain, meadow, hill and dale
With sweetness of her singing.

The hens with all their chickens stride,
The stork has built her nest with pride,
Her young the swallow's feeding.
The nimble hart, the deer so light

OLD TIME

Rejoice, and, leaping from their height,
Into the grass come speeding.

Fast grows the wheat, like waving gold,
And gives delight to young and old;
They praise with glad thanksgiving
Him, who through mercy measureless
Vouchsafed the soul of man to bless
With goods that grace his living.

I, too, cannot and will not rest,
My senses all awake with zest,
The Lord's great goodness knowing;
I sing when all sings round about,
And praises of the Lord, devout
Out of my heart are flowing.

Thy splendour here doth shine so bright,
And lets us feel so much delight,
While on poor earth abiding:
What blessings may hereafter be,
For those that heaven's glory see,
In golden halls residing?

Ah, what a lucid light divine
In Christ's fair garden then will shine!
What music will be ringing,
With many thousand Seraphim
Of never-weary lips, to Him
Their Alleluiahs singing!

Would I were there! Oh, if I stood
Before Thy throne—Thou highest Good!—
My palms most humbly raising!
Then, like the angels worshipping,
A thousand noble psalms I'd sing,
Thy name forever praising.

Yet I shall never silent stay,
While here upon my earthly way
This yoke of flesh I'm bearing.
My heart shall sing unceasingly
Here and wherever I may be,
Thy praises never sparing.

Help Thou my spirit, let it grow
With blessings that from heaven flow,
To bloom for Thine adorning.
And may Thy mercy's summer heat
Raise fruits of faith, all ripe and sweet,
Till eve from early morning.

Oh, choose me for Thy Paradise,
Let soul and body, till I rise,
Still flourish, tiring never.
By Thee alone I shall abide,
Thine honour serve, and none beside,
Both here and there forever.

CATHOLIC CHURCH SONG

1638

Harvest Song

There is a reaper, Death his name;
His might from God the highest came.
To-day his knife he'll whet,
'Twill cut far better yet;
Soon he will come and mow,
And we must bear the woe—
Beware, fair flower!

The flowers fresh and green to-day,
To-morrow will be mowed away:
Narcissus so white,
The meadows' delight,
The hyacinthias pale
And morning-glories frail.
Beware, fair flower!

Full many thousand blossoms blithe
Must fall beneath his deadly scythe:
Roses and lilies pure,
Your end is all too sure!
Imperial lilies rare

CATHOLIC CHURCH SONG

He will not spare.
Beware, fair flower!

The bluet wee, of heaven's hue,
The tulips white and yellow too,
The dainty silver bell,
The golden phlox as well—
All sink upon the earth.
Oh, what a sorry dearth!
Beware, fair flower!

Sweet lavender of lovely scent,
And rosemary, dear ornament,
Sword-lilies proud, unfurled,
And basil, quaintly curled,
And fragile violet blue,
He soon will seize you too!
Beware, fair flower!

Death, I defy thee: hasten near
With one great sweep—I have no fear!
Though hurt, I'll stay undaunted,
For I shall be transplanted
Into the garden by heaven's gate,
The heavenly garden we all await.
Rejoice, fair flower!

ANDREAS GRYPHIUS

Born 1616 in Glogau. Died 1664 in Glogau

Sonnet On the Transitoriness of Life

You see, where'er you look, but vanity on earth:
To-morrow they'll tear down what we have built
to-day,
And peaceful herds will graze and shepherds'
children play
On fields where now the lively cities boast their
worth.

All that is blooming now must lie in sorry dearth;
The hearts that beat in pride will turn to ashes
grey.
No marble and no ore, nay, nothing here can stay.
Now happiness may smile before some sorrow's
birth.

The glory of high deeds must vanish like a dream.
Oh, how can man withstand the flow of time's fleet
stream?
Yea, what is all that we have deemed so wondrous
great,

But worthless trifles, only shadows, wind and dust,
A flower of the field, that on the road is thrust.
And yet eternal things man will not contemplate.

ANGELUS SILESIUS

(Pseud. for JOHANNES SCHEFFLER)

Born 1624 in Breslau. Died 1677 in Breslau

Vow

I want to love Thee, strength divine,
I want to love Thee, holy grace,
With works I offer at Thy shrine,
With longings time cannot efface.
I want to love Thee, fairest light,
Till my heart's night.

I want to love Thee, love Thee so
As I would love my dearest friend;
And, basking in Thy beauty's glow,
I'll love and praise Thee without end.
Oh, lamb of God, my love for Thee
As for a bridegroom e'er shall be.

Alas, that I so late have known
Thy glory's might, to praise with zest,
Nor sooner called Thee quite mine own,
Thou highest good and safest rest!
I do bemoan my sorry state
Because I loved so late.

Ah, blinded I had gone astray,
I could not find Thee in my plight;
For I from Thee had turned away,
And loved but the created light.
But now it is vouchsafed by Thee
That I Thyself may see.

I thank Thee, oh my sun: my night
Is now illumined by Thy ray;
I thank Thee, heavenly delight,
That Thou hast made me free and gay.
Thou golden mouth, my thanks I give:
In health renewed Thou let'st me live.

My footsteps, on Thy pathways led,
May never stray or turn aside:
Upon Thy roads, oh, let me tread,
Nor halt, nor stumble—be my guide!
Illumine soul and body quite,
Thou strong celestial light!

Pour sweetest tears into mine eyes,
Chaste ardour give unto my heart;
Oh, teach my soul and make it wise
To practise love's most gentle art;
And let my spirit, sense and mind
E'er be to Thee inclined.

I want to love Thee, oh my crown,
I want to love Thee, oh my God,

To love without reward, renown,
E'en when in greatest pain I plod;
I want to love Thee, fairest light,
Till my heart's night.

JOACHIM NEANDER

Born 1650 in Bremen. Died 1680 in Bremen

Praise the Lord God

Praise the Lord God, the great monarch of glory,
oh, praise!

This is my will, my dear soul, upon all of my ways.
Come all and meet,
Wake harp and psalter chords sweet,
Jubilant music, oh, raise!

Praise the Lord God, the magnificent ruler and
king,
Praise Him who leads thee in safety on eagle-like
wing!

Hast thou not felt
How through His love thou hast dwelt
Gladly with every good thing?

Praise the Lord God who has fashioned thee deli-
cate, fair,
Gave thee thy health and has saved thee from many
a snare.
In times of need

Thou wast in God's gracious heed,
His wings spread o'er thee with care.

Praise the Lord God who has blessed thee with
bountiful store,
His streams of mercy from heaven unendingly
pour.

Remember too,
What the Almighty can do,
Whose love is nigh evermore.

Praise the Lord God, all my being, the rest of my
days,
All that has breath sing with those that go Abra-
ham's ways;
He is thy light,
Soul, oh forget not His might,
End with Amen thy loud praise!

CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT

Born 1715 in Hainichen (Saxony). Died 1760 in
Leipzig

The Blind and the Lame

It happens that a man quite blind
A lame man on the street doth find.
With hope the blind man's heart is gay:
There's one to lead him on his way!
"I help you?" says the lame. "What talk!
Helpless myself; I cannot walk.
It seems, your healthy shoulders there
With ease a little load could bear.
Come, carry me upon your way;
Which path to follow, I shall say.
Your hardy foot my foot shall be,
And with my bright eye you shall see."
The lame man with his crutch we find
Upon the broad back of the blind.
United they can do what one
Alone could nevermore have done.

What you have not, will be possessed
By others not with your gifts blessed.
And from such imperfection springs
The bond that men together brings.

Did not my neighbour lack the gift
That nature gave me in her thrift,
He, thinking of himself alone,
A care for me would scarce have known.

Vex not the gods with discontent:
The gift upon another spent
Shall truly be a common good,
If we but live in brotherhood.

FRIEDRICH GOTTLOB KLOPSTOCK

Born 1724 in Quedlinburg. Died 1803 in Hamburg

The Early Graves

Be welcome, oh silvery moon,
Quiet, beautiful friend of night!
Flee'st thou? Hasten not, stay, oh spirit-friend!
Lo, now she stays, only clouds wandered away.
The waking of May is alone
Fairer still than the summer night,
When the dew, clear as light, from her tresses
drips,
When she, ascending the hill, ruddily glows.
Ye nobler ones! Gloomily grows
On your tombstones the sober moss!
Happy I was, alas, when I still with you
Looked upon roseate dawns, shimmering nights!

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS

Born 1740 in Reinfeld (Holstein). Died 1815 in
Hamburg

Evening Song

The moon is risen, beaming,
The golden stars are gleaming
So brightly in the skies;
The hushed, black woods are dreaming,
The mists, like phantoms seeming,
From meadows magically rise.

How still the world reposes,
While twilight round it closes,
So peaceful and so fair!
A quiet room for sleeping,
Into oblivion steeping
The day's distress and sober care.

Look at the moon so lonely!
One half is shining only,
Yet she is round and bright;
Thus oft we laugh unknowing
At things that are not showing,
That still are hidden from our sight.

We, with our proud endeavour,
Are poor vain sinners ever,
There's little that we know.
Frail cobwebs we are spinning,
Our goal we are not winning,
But straying farther as we go.

God, make us see Thy glory,
Distrust things transitory,
Delight in nothing vain!
Lord, here on earth stand by us,
To make us glad and pious,
And artless children once again!

Grant that, without much grieving,
This world we may be leaving
In gentle death at last.
And then do not forsake us,
But into heaven take us,
Lord God, oh, hold us fast!

Lie down, my friends, reposing,
Your eyes in God's name closing.
How cold the night-wind blew!
Oh God, Thine anger keeping,
Now grant us peaceful sleeping,
And our sick neighbour too.

FOLK SONG

Eighteenth century

Were I a Little Bird

Were I a little bird
And had two little wings,
I'd fly to thee;
But I must stay, because
That cannot be.

Though I be far from thee,
In sleep I dwell with thee,
Thy voice I hear.
But when I wake again,
Then all is drear.

Each nightly hour my heart
With thoughts of thee will start,
When I'm alone;
For thou hast a thousand times
Pledged me thine own.

HUMOROUS BALLAD

End of eighteenth century

The Tailor in Hell

A tailor 'gan to wander
One Monday morning fair,
And then he met the devil,
Whose feet and legs were bare:
"Hallo, thou tailor-fellow,
Come now with me to hell—oh,
And measure clothes for us to wear,
For what you will is well, oh!"

The tailor measured, then he took
His scissors long and clipped
The devils' little tails all off,
And to and fro they skipped.
"Hallo, thou tailor-fellow,
Now hie thee out of hell—oh,
We do not need this clipping, sir:
What you will is not well, oh!"

The tailor took his iron out,
And tossed it in the fire;
The devils' wrinkles then he pressed;

HUMOROUS BALLAD

Their screams were something dire:

"Hallo, thou tailor-fellow,
Now get thee out of hell—oh,
We do not need this pressing,
What you will is not well, oh!"

"Keep still!" he said, and pierced their heads
With a bodkin from his sack.

"This way we put the buttons on,
For that's our tailor's knack!"

"Hallo, thou tailor-fellow,
Now hie thee out of hell—oh,
We do not need this dressing:
What you will is not well, oh!"

With thimble and with needle then
His stitching he began,
And closed the devils' nostrils up
As tightly as one can.

"Hallo, thou tailor-fellow,
Now hie thee out of hell—oh,
We cannot use our noses,
Do what we will for smell, oh!"

Then he began to cut away—
It must have made them smart—
With all his might the tailor ripped
The devils' ears apart:

"Hallo, thou tailor-fellow,
Now march away from hell—oh,

We else should need a Doctor,
If what you will were well—oh!”

And last of all came Lucifer
And cried: “What horror fell!
No devil has his little tail;
So drive him out of hell:
Hallo, thou tailor-fellow,
Now hie thee out of hell—oh,
We need to wear no clothes at all—
What you will is not well, oh!”

And when the tailor’s sack was packed,
He felt so very well—oh!
He hopped and skipped without dismay
And had a laughing spell—oh!
And hurried out of hell—oh!
And stayed a tailor-fellow;
And the devil will catch no tailor now,
Let him steal, as he will—it is well, though!

ALSATIAN SOLDIER SONG

1784-90

The Swiss

In Strassburg in the fort
All woe began for me:
The Alpine bugle yonder made me sore,
I had to swim to my dear country's shore;
That should not be.

One hour 'twas in the night,
They took me in my plight,
And led me straightway to the captain's door.
Oh God, they fished me in the stream—what more?
Now all is o'er.

To-morrow morn at ten
The regiment I'll have to face;
They'll lead me there to beg for grace.
I'll have my just reward, I know.
It must be so.

Ye brothers, all ye men,
Ye'll never see me here again;
The shepherd boy, I say, began it all,

And I accuse the Alpine bugle-call
Of this my fall.

I pray ye, brothers three,
Come on and shoot at me;
Fear not my tender life to hurt,
Shoot on and let the red blood spurt—
Come on, I say!

Oh, Lord of heaven, on high!
Take my poor erring soul
Unto its heavenly goal;
There let it stay forever—
Forget me never!

BOOK II

CLASSIC TIME

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

Born 1749 in Frankfurt. Died 1832 in Weimar

To the Moon

Bush and vale are filled by thee
With a silver haze,
And my soul thou hast set free
With thy soothing rays.

And thy gentle beams descend
Kindly where I go,
Like the mild eye of a friend
On my joy and woe.

Echoes of the times gone by
Tremble through my heart,
'Twixt delight and grief I ply,
Evermore apart.

Dearest river, flow, oh flow!
Joy cannot abide.
Play and kisses vanished so,
Faithfulness beside.

Once—oh, could I but forget!—
It was mine: the rare!

And it is a torture yet
Memories to bear.

River, flow the vale along,
Without rest or ease,
Murmur, whisper to my song
Gentle melodies!

Swelling in the winter night
With thy roaring flood,
Bubbling in the spring's delight
Over leaf and bud!

Blessed is he who walks apart,
Though no hate he bears,
Holds a friend within his heart;
And with him he shares

All that steals, by men unguessed,
Or by men unknown,
Through the maze of his own breast
In the night alone.

Wanderer's Night Songs

I

Thou who from heaven art,
All our pain and sorrow stillest,
All the souls that doubly smart,
Doubly with thy solace fillest,

Ah, if all this toil might cease!
Why this heartache, joy and zest?
Peace, sweet peace,
Come, oh come into my breast!

II

Over every crest
Is rest,
In all the trees
The breeze
Scarce touches you.
Hushed is the wood-bird's song.
Wait: before long,
You will rest too.

Dear Children, Soon I'll Come Again!

Dear children, soon I'll come again!
See, winter captures us in vain
Here in our rooms mid warmth and glee.
We'll sit beside the fire these days,
Enjoy ourselves a thousand ways,
And love like angels, tenderly.
And little garlands let us wind,
And little nosegays let us bind,
Like little children let us be!

Mignon

Ah, dost thou know the land where citron grows,
In sombre leaves the golden orange glows,

A gentle wind blows from the azure sky,
Calm myrtle, fragrant laurel bloom on high?
Ah, dost thou know it? There, oh there!
With thee, my dear one, how I long to fare!

Ah, dost thou know the house? The pillars white
Uphold the roof, the halls are glistening bright,
And marble statues seem to gaze at me:
Thou poorest child, what have they done to thee?
Ah, dost thou know it? There, oh there!
With thee, oh my protector, I would fare!

Ah, dost thou know the mountain's cloudy ways?
The mule there seeks a path within the haze.
The broods of ancient dragons haunt the caves,
The rock breaks down and over if the waves.
Ah, dost thou know it? There, oh there!
Our way must go, my father, let us fare!

Song of the Harper

Who never ate his bread in tears,
Who never through the mournful night
Sat weeping on his bed with fears—
He knows not, heavenly powers, your might!

You plunge him into life amain,
You lead him into sin from dearth,
Then leave the poor man to his pain—
For all sin is revenged on earth.

The Harper

Ah, he who seeketh solitude
Is all too soon alone;
Men live and love, but he must brood
Upon his pain and moan.
Leave agony with me!
When I at last shall be
Quite lonely grown—
I shall not be alone.

A lover steals upon his way
To hark if his love be alone.
Thus pain steals o'er me night and day
When I am lonely grown;
And thus creeps agony.
When I at last shall be
Within my grave unknown:
Then I'll be left alone!

The King in Thule

There was a king in Thule,
Right faithful to his grave,
To whom his dying sweetheart
A golden goblet gave.

Naught else he loved above it,
He emptied it every meal;

And so he used to love it—
The tears from his eyes would steal.

He felt that he was dying,
And gave unto his heir
The towns in his kingdom lying—
But not the goblet rare.

He sat at the banquet royal
In the old hall solemnly,
With all his vassals loyal,
In the castle by the sea.

There stood the aged monarch
And drank life's sunset glow;
And cast the sacred goblet
Into the flood below.

He saw it rushing, drinking,
Into the sea it sank.
His eyelids old were sinking—
Ne'er more a drop he drank.

Gretchen's Song

My peace is gone,
My heart's in pain;
I'll never, never
Find peace again.

Where he cannot be
Is a grave for me,
The world and all
Is turned to gall.

My poor, poor head
Is gone astray,
My sense has fled
Oh, quite away.

My peace is gone,
My heart's in pain;
I'll never, never
Find peace again.

Out of the window
For him I gaze,
I seek him only
On all my ways.

His noble build,
His bearing high,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eye!

To hear him talk—
What magic bliss,
To feel his hand,
And—oh, his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart's in pain;
I'll never, never
Find peace again.

My bosom longs
To hold him fast.
If I could clasp him—
What joy at last!

And I should kiss him
With my last breath,
Till with his kisses
I found my death!

Gretchen

Incline thou,
O mother of sorrow,
Thy gracious face upon my need!

A sword unsparing
Thy heart is tearing.
Thou seest how thine own Son must bleed.

With eyes imploring,
Thy sighs outpouring,
Thou prayest for His and thy great need.

Who feeleth
How stealeth

My pain through every bone?
How my poor, poor heart is quaking,
How with longing it is aching,
Thou canst know alone, alone!

Wherever I am turning,
With what a sore, sore burning
My bosom ever aches!
When I am left alone now,
I weep and weep and moan now,
My heart within me breaks.

The plants before my window
I watered with tears—oh, see!—
When in the early morning
I broke these flowers for thee.

Yes, when the sun was shining
In at my room to-day,
In bed I sat up pining
So early, in dismay.

Help! Rescue me from death—disgrace!
Incline thou,
Oh, mother of sorrow,
Upon my need thy gracious face!

Found

I wandered lonely
Beneath the trees,

CLASSIC TIME

And sought for nothing,
But strolled at ease.

There in the shadows
A flower grew,
Like starlight beaming,
Like eyes so blue

I sought to break it,
But heard it say:
"Shall I be broken
To fade away?"

I dug it out then
With roots and all,
And bore it home to
My garden small. *Here*

Again it's planted
And finds repose;
And now as ever
It blooms and grows.

Wild Rose

Once a lad a rose did spy,
On the moorland growing,
Young and lovely to the eye;
Fast he ran to see it nigh,
Ran with pleasure glowing.

Red rose, red rose, red rose red,
On the moorland growing.

Spake the lad: "I'll pick thee now,
Rose on moorland growing!"
Spake the rose: "I'll prick thee now:
Thou wilt think of me, I trow!—
Go, wild boy, be going!"

But the boy so wild and bad
Broke the red rose glowing;
Rose in anger pricked the lad,
Rose must suffer him, though sad
And her fury showing.

Red rose, red rose, red rose red,
Rose on moorland growing!

Little red rose upon the meadow

The Fisher

The water roared, the water rose,
The fisher on the sand
Looked at his angle in repose; *X*
Right cool were heart and hand.
And as he sits and harks at ease,
The waters rise and part:
Out of the whirling waves he sees
A dewy woman dart.

for an instant

She sang to him, she said to him:
"Why lurest thou my brood

To death with human ruse and whim
And scorching sunbeams rude?
Ah, if thou knewest how below
The little fishes feel,
Thou straight into the deep wouldst go,
All weariness to heal.

“Does not the sun refresh his face,
The moon hers in the sea?
Do they not shine with double grace,
When breathing billows free?
Does not the lucid heavenly deep
Entice thee, all this blue?
Dost thou not long thy face to steep
Into eternal dew?”

The water roared, the water rose,
His foot was wet and bare;
And in his heart a longing grows,
✓ As if his love were there.
She sang to him and said her say,
And then it all was o'er:
She pulled half-way, he sank half-way,
And he was seen no more.

The Alderking

Who rides through the night and the storm, so wild?
It is the father who carries his child;
✓ He holds the boy secure in his arm,
He keeps him warm and safe from harm.

"Why, son, art thou hiding thy face in fear?"

"Seest thou not, father, the Alderking near?

The Alderking with his crown and train?"—

"My son, it is mist before the rain."

"Thou dearest child, oh, come with me!

Such lovely games I'll play with thee.

My flowers gay thou shalt behold;

My mother has many a gown of gold."

"My father, my father, and canst thou not hear
What Alderking whispers into my ear?"—

"Be calm, be calm, my dearest child!

The wind in the leaves is murmuring wild."

"Wilt thou come with me, oh handsome lad?

My daughters shall serve thee and make thee glad;

My daughters their nightly dances keep—

They will rock and dance and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and canst thou not mark
Alderking's daughters there in the dark?"—

"My son, my son, it is clear as day:

The ancient willows appear so gray."

"I love thee, thy beauty has charmed my eye;
If thou art not willing, with force I will try."—

"My father, my father, now he clutches my arm!
The Alderking has done me harm!"

The father shudders, his riding is wild,
He holds in his arms the moaning child,
He barely reaches his own homestead;
And in his arms the child was dead.

The Singer

"Outside the gate what do I hear,
What on the bridgehead ringing?
Let it resound upon my ear
Within the hall—this singing!"
Thus spake the king, the page ran out,
The boy came back, the king did shout:
"Let in the aged singer!"

"Right noble masters that you are,
Fair ladies, I salute you!
Ah, what a heaven! Star by star!
Who knows the names that suit you?
Before this splendour, light sublime,
Close, eyes; for this is not the time
To gaze in joyous wonder."

Full chords he struck, and closed his eyes,
His voice in gladness raising;
The knights looked up in gallant wise,
The ladies down were gazing.
The king, delighted with the lay,
To honour him for song and play,
A golden chain then gave him.

“Oh, give me not the golden chain!
Your knights it fitly graces,
For hostile lances split in twain
Before their dauntless faces;
Give it your chancellor to wear,
Let him with all his burdens bear
One more—this golden burden.

“I sing just as the wild bird sings
That in the boughs is living,
The song, while from the heart it springs,
Its own reward is giving.
Yet one request alone be mine:
Pray, let me drink your rarest wine
From a pure golden goblet.”

He took the cup, he quaffed it all:
“Such wine is sweetest pleasure!
Upon your house all blessings fall
Where this is deemed small measure!
If you fare well, remember me,
And thank your God as heartily
As for this wine I thank you.”

The Wizard's Apprentice

Now old wizard has at last
Left me here and gone away!
And his spirit-minions fast
My commands shall now obey.

Master's words I know,
All he used to do.
By my wit I'll show
I can conjure too.

Water flow,
And profuse,
For good use,
Bubbling pour,
Till the foaming basin grow
Richer, fuller evermore.

Come, old broom and don your rag!
All my wishes now fulfill:
Thou hast long time been a fag;
Rise and stir and do my will!
Stand on two legs—so!
Head shall grow on top!
Get me water, go!
Take your pail and hop!

Water flow,
And profuse,
For good use,
Bubbling pour,
Till the foaming basin grow
Richer, fuller evermore.

Lo, he runs and now indeed
He has reached the river's shore,
And returns with lightning speed,
Water from his pail to pour.

Now he's done it twice:
How the basin swells!

Dishes in a trice
Look like water-wells!
Stay, stand still!
Of thy store
I have more
Than my fill!
Ah, now I begin to know:
I forgot the word! Oh, woe!
Word that makes him be at last
What he was inside the room!
Ah, he fills the bucket fast!
Wert thou but the old, old broom!
More and more he brings,
Still new torrents gush!
Over me he flings
Rivers with their rush.
I will bear
This no longer:
Hold—I'm stronger!
Treachery!
Now I feel a creeping scare!
Ah, what mien, what looks I see!
Oh, thou vilest child of hell!
Wouldst thou have the whole house drowned?
Mighty streams of water swell,
Over every threshold bound.
Oh, the broom accursed
Will not heed my will!
Stick thou wast at first—
Once again stand still!

Will he never
Do what's told him?
I will hold him,
And endeavour
Fast to split the bad old wood
With my hatchet sharp and good.
There he comes, still burdened so!
On thee now I'll cast my weight:
Fiend, thou shalt be lying low,
On thy wood the axe shall grate!
Good! I've done the deed!
Lo, he's cut in twain!
I can hope, and freed
I can breathe again!
Woe! What plight!
Now each part
Up doth start,
And upright
Stand two servants in my sight!
Help me, oh, some higher might!
And they run! Now more and more
Deluge swallows stairs and hall.
Endless streams of water pour.
Lord and master! Hear me call!
There's the master!—Pray,
Help, sir! I'm appalled!
Spirits I have called
I can't drive away.
"In the room's
Corner, brooms!

There you were.
You shall stir
Only when I let you loose,
Spirits for the master's use!"

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

Born 1759 in Marbach (Württemberg). Died 1805
in Weimar

The Song of the Bell

Walled in fast within the earth
Stands the form burnt out of clay.
This must be the bell's great birth!
Fellows, lend a hand to-day.
Sweat must trickle now
From the burning brow,
Till the work its master honour.
Blessing comes from Heaven's Donor.
While we our serious work are doing,
We ought to speak a serious word,
More easily our work pursuing,
When noble speech the while is heard.
Now let us earnestly be spying
What our weak powers can create;
I scorn the man who is not trying
On his own work to meditate.
This is the fairest of man's graces:
The power to think and understand—
For in his inmost heart he traces
What he has fashioned with his hand.

Wood that from the pine-tree came
Keep right dry with zealous care,
That the deftly governed flame
Through the furnace hole may flare.
Boiling copper's thick—
Get the tin now, quick!
Let the substance, liquid growing,
In a docile way be flowing.

What with the help of fire's great power
In this deep pit our hands have framed,
High on the belfry of the tower
In mighty tones shall be proclaimed.
In ages far beyond the morrow,
A voice for many shall ring out,
And it will mourn with those in sorrow
And join the choir of the devout.
What fate, forever changing, fleeting,
To mortals far below may bring,
Against the crown of metal beating,
As music of the bell will ring.

Bubbles leaping, white and sry!
Good! The masses flow at last.
Mix them with the alkali,
That they be more quickly cast.
From all foam quite free
Shall the mixture be,
From the metal pure before us,
Rise a perfect voice sonorous.

The bell with festive peal and cheering
Greets the belovèd tender child,

Upon his life's first way appearing,
Still in the arms of sleep beguiled.
Deep in the womb of time there stay
His destinies, both dark and gay.
His mother's gentle, loving care
Is watching still his morning fair.
The years fly swiftly—all is play.
Away from girls, impatient, tearing,
The boy starts wildly forth to roam,
He sees the world, and, after faring,
Comes back, a stranger, to his home.
In beauty and youth's splendour glowing,
A vision from some heavenly height,
While blushes on her cheeks are growing,
He sees the maiden with delight.
And now a strange and nameless yearning
Has seized upon the young man's heart,
From sports and wild companions turning,
With tearful eyes he roams apart.
And happy at her slightest speaking,
Her footsteps blushing to trace,
He wanders over meadows, seeking
The fairest flowers his love to grace.
Oh, tender longing, sweetest hoping,
First love's enchanting, golden days!
The eye can see the heavens oping,
A bliss the heart unhindered sways.
Would it might bloom eternally—
The time of young love's ecstasy!
See, how brown the blow-pipes grow!

When this stick has been dipped in,
And a glaze begins to show,
Then the casting should begin.
Now good fellows, quick!
Prove the mixture thick!
Hard and soft united duly
Are a lucky omen truly.

For when the stern and mild are pairing,
The tender with the strong and daring,
The tone must ring out fair and strong.
Let him who binds himself forever,
To sound his heart and hers endeavour!
Passion is short, repentance long.
On the young bride's tresses lightly
Lies the wreath of blossoms white,
When the church bells, ringing brightly,
To the festive hour invite.
Lovely festival—the ending
Of—alas!—life's joyous May,
Beautiful illusions rending
With the veil and bride's array!
Passion will fly!
Love must remain;
The flower must die,
The fruit to attain.
The man must go out
To stern hostile life,
For power and strife,
To plant and to toil,
To gain and to foil,

To wager and dare,
His luck to ensnare.
And now without end the blessings are streaming,
With goodly possessions the storerooms are teeming,

The rooms are expanding, the house has to grow.
And in it there moves
The good, modest housewife,
The mother of children,
Who wise and dear
Here rules in her sphere,
And teaches the girls
And wards off the boys,
While work without end
Her busy hands tend,
Enlarging her share
Through order and care,
Her sweet-smelling linen-chests filling with treasure,

By spinning her thread in the speediest measure.
Her neatly and smoothly kept closets are full
Of linen like snow and the shining fair wool;
And still adding glamour and charm to the best,
She never can rest.

And the father with happy eye
From his mansion's high gable is counting
Blessings fair that before him lie—
Pillars and posts as high as the trees,
Barns that are bursting with treasures that please,
Granges with bounties swelling and bending,

Grain-fields waving in billows unending.
He boasts with noble pride:
Firm as the ground abide
My homestead's splendours bright
Against misfortune's might!
Covenants with powers of fate
Will—alack!—not always last,
And misfortune travels fast.

Now the casting can begin,
For the dented mould is fair:
But before we pour it in,
Let us say a pious prayer!
Push the tendon hard!
God shall be our guard!
In the bell's ear smoking, glowing,
Waves of fiery brown are flowing.

Most wholesome is the force of fire,
When man can tame and guard its ire,
And from this heavenly force man takes
Good help for what he moulds and makes.
But frightful is this power's abuse
When, from its fetters broken loose,
Upon its own track wantonly
It roams as nature's daughter free.
Horror when unbound and growing
—Fiend that no resistance stays!—
Through the peopled city blowing
Sweeps along the monster-blaze!
Elements have ever hated
What the hand of man created.

From the cloud
Rain is pouring,
Earth restoring.
From the cloud, even so,
Lightnings glow!
From the tower hear the wail:
'Tis the gale!
Bloody red
Are the heavens;
Daylight ne'er such brightness shed!
Riot leavens
All the crowds!
Dense smoke-clouds!
Fiery pillar, flickering, glowing,
Down the street is swiftly going,
Like the wind so rapid growing.
Hot, as if in furnace baking,
Glows the air; the beams are breaking,
Windows rattle, posts are falling,
Mothers straying, children calling,
Beasts are moaning,
Crushed, and groaning.
All run, save and flee in fright,
Bright as daylight is the night,
Chains of eager hands are plying,
Pails are flying,
Arching water-spouts are playing,
Flames with hissing fountains spraying;
Howling wild the storm is straying,
Driving on the flame with roars.

Crackling in the dry grain-stores
Shoots the flame, through garrets sweeping,
Fast along the rafters creeping,
And, as if with monstrous blowing
It would sweep along in flight
The whole earth with all its might,
Rises, now gigantic growing,
To the sky.

Man stands by:

Hopeless, awestruck, he is yielding,
Sees the heavens their power wielding,
His own works to ruin going.

Now the homestead

Is burnt bare;

Savage storms are raging there.

Empty window-holes are staring

Horror-haunted,

And the sailing clouds undaunted

Peer inside.

Man—alack!—

Glances back

At the grave

Of the goods he could not save:

Then ventures forth with spirit brave.

However sadly he has fared,

Though raging fire has so bereft him,

The sweetest comfort still is left him:

He counts his dear ones: all are spared.

Now 'tis resting in the earth,

For the form contains its fill.
Will there be a happy birth,
To repay our care and skill?
Is there a mistake?
If the form should break?
While our hopes are soaring high—
Woe!—misfortune may be nigh.

Unto the sacred earth confiding,
We trust to her our hands' own deed,
The sower trusts to her his seed,
Calm, with a blessèd hope abiding
That it shall grow as Heaven decreed.
Alas, we know that seed far rarer
In earth's dark bosom buried lies,
And hope that to a lot still fairer
Out of the graveyard it will rise.
From the church
Tolls the bell
Grave and heavy
Funeral knell.
And the toll sonorous is attending
One more pilgrim on his last way wending.
Woe! It is the wife belovèd.
Woe! It is the faithful mother
Whom the shadow prince of harm
Drew from out her husband's arm,
From her tender children's sphere,
Whom she bare him, fair and dear,
And then watched with mother's zest
As they grew upon her breast.

Ah! The home's most tender ties
Are unloosed forevermore;
In the shadowland she lies
Who was mother here before.
How they miss her faithful guiding,
And the care she used to give!
In the orphaned home presiding,
Loveless strangers soon will live.
 Till the bell shall cooler be,
 After labour take your ease,
 And as birds play in the tree,
 Each shall do what he may please.
 Youth, at rise of stars,
 Free from duty's bars,
 Hears the evening bell, releasing:
 Master's toil is never ceasing.

In the forest wild the wanderer
Homeward turns his steps with pleasure
To his dear and cheerful cottage.
Homeward trudge the sheep-flocks bleating,
And the herds
Of the sleek and broad-browed cattle
With their lowing
To accustomed stalls are going.
Now with grain
Heavy laden,
Reels the wagon:
And beneath
Sheaves, the wreath
Fragrant lies;

To the dance the flock of reapers
Gaily flies.
Streets and markets grow more quiet;
Round the bright and genial lamplight
All the household members gather,
And the town-gate closes, creaking.
Blackness spreads
O'er the earth;
But the steady townsman dreads
Not the night
Rousing wicked men from bed:
For the eye of law is ever bright.
Sacred order, blessings spreading,
Heaven's daughter, freely treading,
Like to like thou bindest lightly,
Cities thou hast founded rightly,
And the wild man roaming blindly
Thou hast called to home-life, kindly.
To men's homes thy presence giving,
Thou hast taught them gentle living,
Woven of all ties the deepest—
Love for fatherland thou keepest!
Busy hands, by thousands stirring,
Briskly one another aid,
And, while eager work is spurring,
All the powers are displayed.
Under freedom's wing united,
Master and apprentice toil,
Each with his own place delighted,
Ready any scorn to foil.

Work adorns the burgher greatly,
Blessing is our labour's prize;
Honoured crowns make princes stately,
But in work our honour lies.

Blessed peace, oh

Sweetest concord,

Tarry, tarry

With your kindness in this town!

May that day be never dawning,

When the hordes of war with terror

Raid across this quiet valley,

When the heavens

Which the lovely glow of evening

Gently paints,

Flash, alas, when towns are burning,

Fiery taints!

Break the form now, stand me by,

For its purpose is fulfilled;

And rejoice, let heart and eye

By the well-done task be thrilled.

Swing the hammer, whack!

Till the cope shall crack!

For the finished bell shall rise,

When the form in pieces lies.

In time the master, skilled and knowing,

Can break the form most prudently.

Woe! When in fiery torrents flowing,

The ore itself seeks liberty!

In blindest rage with thundrous roaring,

The bursting house it rushes through,

CLASSIC TIME

As if the jaws of hell were pouring
The flames that death and horror spew.
Where raw wild forces rage and blight,
Men can create no form aright;
And no true welfare can there be,
When mobs are by themselves set free.
Woe, when the tinder-heap is swelling
In hearts of cities, in the night,
The masses tear their chains, rebelling,
And free themselves with fury's might!
Then riot, to the bell-ropes clinging,
Pulls till the bell begins to howl;
Devoted once to peaceful ringing,
She gives the sign for outrage foul.
Equality and freedom! screaming,
The burgher in once peaceful hands
Grasps weapons; streets and halls are teeming,
And everywhere swarm ruffian bands.
With jest and ribaldry unsparing,
The women like hyenas grow,
With panther's fangs unbridled tearing
The flinching bosom of the foe.
There is no sacredness remaining,
Unloosed are ties of piety,
The bad in goodness' place is reigning,
And every vice is swaying free.
A lion wakened is ferocious,
Destructive is the tiger's bite;
But of all horrors most atrocious
Is man at his own madness' height.

Woe unto those who to the yearning,
The ever-blind lend heaven's torch!
It will not beam; to ashes burning,
The fields and cities it will scorch.

Gladness God has given me!
Now the kernel shells the mould,
Rising smoothly, evenly,
Shining like a star of gold.
Dome and crest both beam,
Like the sunlight's gleam,
And the blazon's quaint device
Shows performance skilled and nice.
Come in and see!

Now, fellows, let us close the ring,
For the bell's high christening:
Concordia her name shall be.
For concord, deepest brotherhood with all,
The loving congregation she shall call.

This be the calling of the bell,
Wherefore she has been fashioned well!
With earthly life beneath her lying,
High she shall swing in heaven's blue dome,
A neighbour of the thunder, flying
And touching on the starry home,
Her voice from heights celestial raising,
Like all the stars in heaven's sphere,
That live and move, their Maker praising,
And leading forth the festive year.
Our bell, her metal voice devoting
Alone to grave, eternal things,

CLASSIC TIME

Shall ever feel, while she is floating,
The throbbing touch of time's swift wings.
The tongue of fate, she shall be ringing:
Heartless herself and pitiless,
She shall accompany with swinging
Life's game of constant changefulness.
And as her mighty peal sonorous
Within our ears at last shall die,
A lesson she will put before us,
That all things earthly must go by.

 Come now, with the ropes' whole might,
 From her dungeon swing the bell,
 Till she rise to heaven's height,
 In the realm of sound to dwell!
 Pull and lift—still more!
 See her move and soar!
 Joy unto this city bringing,
 Peace shall be her first glad ringing!

BOOK III

ROMANTIC TIME

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT

Born 1769 in Rügen. Died 1860 in Bonn

Union Song

This blessed hour we are united,
Of German men a mighty choir,
And from the lips of each, delighted,
Our praying souls to heaven aspire;
With high and sacred awe abounding,
We join in solemn thoughts to-day,
And so our hearts should be resounding
In clear harmonic song and play.

To whom shall foremost thanks be given?
To God, our Lord, so long concealed,
Who, when the cloud of shame was riven,
Himself in flames to us revealed,
Who, stubborn foes with lightning felling,
Restored to us our strength of yore,
Who, on the stars in power dwelling,
Reigns ever and forevermore.

What second wish should we be hearing?
The majesty of fatherland!
Destroyed be those who still are sneering!
Hail them who with it fall and stand!
By virtue winning admiration,

Beloved for honesty and might,
Long live through centuries our nation,
As strong in honour and in might!

The third is German manhood's treasure—
Ring out it shall, with clearness mete!
For Freedom is the German pleasure,
And Germans step to Freedom's beat.
Be life and death by her inspired—
Of German hearts, oh, longing bright!
And death for Freedom's sake desired
Is German honour and delight.

The fourth—for noble consecration
Now lift on high both heart and hand!
Old loyalty within our nation
And German faith forever stand!—
These virtues shall, our weal assuring,
Remain our union's shield and stay;
Our manly word will be enduring
Until the world shall pass away.

Now let the final chord be ringing
In jubilee—stand not apart!
Let sound our mighty, joyful singing
From lip to lip, from heart to heart!
The weal from which no devils bar us,
The word that doth our league infold—
The bliss which tyrants cannot mar us
We must believe in, we must hold!

NOVALIS

(Pseud. for FRIEDRICH VON HARDEN-
BERG)

Born 1772 in Wiederstedt. Died 1801 in
Weissenfels

Ah, When He Is Mine

Ah, when He is mine,
When I hold Him fast,
When His loyalty divine
Fills my heart unto the last—
I feel no distress,
Only worship, love and happiness.

Ah, when He is mine,
Gladly I leave all,
Rise and wander at His sign,
Faithful to my Master's call.
Let the others go
On the broad and lighted roads they know.

Ah, when He is mine,
I can sleep in calm,
Ever cheering me like wine
Is His heart's sweet healing balm,

Holding us in thrall,
Gently soothing, penetrating all.

Ah, when He is mine,
Then the world's mine, too;
As a seraph at her shrine
Holds the Virgin's veil of blue—
Blissful, I adore,
Earthly things can frighten me no more.

Ah, where He is mine,
Is my fatherland;
Like my share, each gift divine
Gently falls into my hand.
Friends who went astray
Now I find disciples on His way.

ADALBERT VON CHAMISSO

Born 1781 in Castle Boncourt in Champagne.

Died 1803 in Berlin

From "Woman's Love and Life"

I

Ah, since I have seen him,
I believe I'm blind.
Where I glance, forever
Him alone I find.
Evermore his image
In my waking dreams,
Through the deepest darkness
Bright and joyous gleams.

Colourless and dreary
All is on my way!
And I feel so weary
When my sisters play.
I would fain be weeping,
In my room confined;
Ah, since I have seen him,
I believe I'm blind.

II

I cannot grasp or believe it,
A dream has bewitched me quite.
Why was it that me of all maidens
He raised to this happiest height?

It seemed as if he had spoken:
I am thine eternally—
It seemed—I still must be dreaming!
It cannot, cannot be.

Oh, let me die thus dreaming,
And resting upon his breast,
My death in ecstasy drinking,
In tears of unending rest!

MAX VON SCHENKENDORF

Born 1783 in Tilsit. Died 1817 in Koblenz

Freedom

Freedom that I love,
Shining in my heart,
Come now from above,
Angel that thou art!

To the world oppressed
Wilt thou ne'er appear?
Shall but stars be blessed
With thy grace and cheer?

In the forest gay
When the trees are green,
'Neath the blooming spray,
Freedom, thou art seen.

Oh, what dear delight!
Music fills the air,
And thy secret might
Thrills us everywhere—

When the rustling boughs
Friendly greetings send,

ROMANTIC TIME

When we lovers' vows,
Looks and kisses spend.

But the heart aspires
Upward evermore,
And our high desires
Toward heaven soar.

From his simple kind
Comes my rustic child,
Shows his heart and mind
To the world beguiled.

For him gardens bloom,
For him fields have grown,
Even in the gloom
Of a world of stone.

Where within a breast
Glows a God-sent flame—
Love with loyal zest
For the ancient name,

Where all men unite
Valiantly to face
Foes of honour's right—
There dwells freedom's race.

Ramparts, brazen doors
Still may bar the light,

Yet the spirit soars
Into regions bright.

For the fathers' grave,
For the church to fall
And for dear ones—brave,
True at freedom's call—

That indeed is light,
Glowing rosy-red:
Heroes' cheeks grow bright
And more fair when dead.

Toward us, oh, guide
Heaven's grace, we pray;
In our hearts reside
—German hearts—to stay!

Freedom sweet and fair,
Trusting, void of fear,
German nature e'er
Was to thee most dear.

LUDWIG UHLAND

Born 1787 in Tübingen. Died 1862 in Tübingen

The Hostess' Daughter

Three fellows were marching over the Rhine,
They stopped where they saw the hostess' sign.

"Dear hostess, have you good beer and wine?
Where have you your daughter so fair and fine?"

"My beer is good, my wine is clear,
My daughter is lying upon the bier."

Now into the chamber she led the way,
There in a black coffin the maiden lay.

The first man drew the veil aside,
And full of sorrow the maid espied.

"Ah, beautiful maiden, if thou couldst live!
To thee alone my love I would give!"

The second laid back the veil again,
And turned away and wept in pain.

"Oh, why must thou lie upon the bier!
Alas, I have loved thee for many a year."

The third man lifted again the veil,
And k'essed her upon the lips so pale:

"I loved thee always, I love thee to-day,
And I will love thee forever and aye."

The Good Comrade

I had a faithful comrade,
None better you could find.
The battle drum beat gaily,
He marched beside me daily,
And never fell behind.

A cannon ball came flying—
Is't for me or is't for thee?
It threw him down, and dying
Before my feet he's lying,
Just like a part of me.

His hand he wants to give me,
While I must load anew;
My hand cannot be given—
Now fare thou well in heaven,
My comrade good and true!

The Nun

In the quiet convent garden
A pallid maiden dreamed.
The moon was dim above—

On drooping lashes gleamed
A tear of tender love.

He is dead, my faithful lover—
What blessedness for me!
Now it is right to love:
An angel he will be,
And angels I may love.

She walked with steps unsteady
To mother Mary's shrine;
The image, wondrous mild,
Looked in the pale moonshine
Upon the undefiled.

She sank down, gazing upward,
In heavenly peace reposed,
Until her eyelids frail
In gentle death were closed;
Down fell the long, black veil.

The Minstrel's Curse

In olden times a castle stood towering high and
free:
It gleamed far over the country, unto the deep
blue sea;
The gardens round were fragrant, in glowing
bloom arrayed,
And glistening like the rainbow, the limpid foun-
tains played.

There sat a mighty monarch with many lands his
own,
He sat so pale and threatening upon his mighty
throne.
For what he thinks is terror and what he sees is
rage
And what he speaks is torture and blood his writ-
ten page.

There travelled to this castle a noble minstrel
pair,
The one with locks of gold and the other grey of
hair;
And with his harp the old man a comely charger
rode,
While merrily beside him his young companion
strode.

The old man to the young said: "My son, take
ample care!
Our deepest songs remember, and strike thy note
most rare.
With all thy might put sorrow and joy into thy
tone!
To-day we both must conquer this monarch's heart
of stone."

Before the lofty pillars the minstrel pair is seen;
Upon the throne are sitting the monarch and his
queen.

The king is fiercely splendid, like bloody northern light,

The queen is mild and lovely, like full moon in the night.

The old man touched his harp strings, and—wonderful to hear!—

Chords fuller, ever fuller, were rising to the ear;
Then high the young man's singing most heavenly
limpid streamed,

The old man's voice sonorous a ghostly chorus
seemed.

They sing of love and springtime, of golden days
to bless,

Of freedom, manly honour, of faith and holiness.
They sing of all the sweetness that trembles
through the breast,

They sing of all that's lofty and fills the heart
with zest.

The courtiers round about them forget to mock
and sneer;

Stern warriors before heaven all bow their knees
in fear.

The queen in wistful gladness is overcome and
throws

Down to the magic minstrels from her own breast
a rose.

"You have beguiled my people, beguile you now
my queen?"

The king is shouting fiercely, and trembling in
his spleen.

He throws his sword that flashing has pierced the
young man's heart:

Thence no more golden ballads, but sprays of
lifeblood start.

And scattered as by tempest is all the listening
swarm.

The youth in throes is dying right in his master's
arm.

He wraps the mantle round him, then upright on
his steed

Binds fast the youth and with him he leaves the
hall in speed.

Before the lofty gateway the minstrel old and
wise

Stands still and there he seizes his harp, of harps
the prize.

Against a marble pillar this noble harp he flings.
He calls; through halls and gardens his voice un-
canny rings:

"Woe, castle, no more music shall sweep thy halls
along,

No harp-strings shall resound there, and no more
golden song.

Nay! Only sighs and groaning and sneaking of
the slave,
Till crushed by spirit of vengeance thou art a
mouldy grave.

“Woe, fragrant gardens blooming so fair in spring-
time’s grace!
To you I show this dead boy’s white and dis-
torted face,
That you henceforth shall wither, that every spring
be dry,
That you all sere and barren in days to come shall
lie.

“Woe, thou unholy murderer! Thou curse of
minstrelsy!
Thy strife for bloodstained glory all times in vain
shall be;
Thy name shall be forgotten, steeped in eternal
night,
And, like a dying rattle, in empty air take flight!”

Thus cried the ancient minstrel, and heaven heard
his call:
The pompous halls are ruins, low lies each mighty
wall.
One lofty pillar only recalls the splendours past;
This pillar, cracked already, may fall to-night at
last.

Where once were scented gardens is now a barren
land,
No branches shade to scatter, no spring to pierce
the sand;
No songs, no book of heroes the monarch's name
rehearse;
Dissolved in night, forgotten! That is the min-
strel's curse.

King Charles' Voyage

With comrades twelve upon the main
King Charles set out to sail.
The Holy Land he hoped to gain,
But drifted in a gale.

Then spake Sir Roland, hero brave:
"Well, I can fight and shield;
Yet neither stormy wind nor wave
Will to my weapon yield."

Sir Holger spake, from Denmark's strand:
"The harp I fain would play;
But what avails the music bland
When tempests roaring sway!"

Sir Oliver was not too glad;
Upon his sword he'd stare:
"For my own weal 'twere not so bad—
I grieve for good old Clare."

Said wicked Ganilon with gall
(He said it 'neath his breath):
"The devil come and take ye all—
Were I but spared this death!"

Archbishop Turpin deeply sighed:
"The knights of God are we.
Oh, come our Saviour, be our guide,
And lead us o'er the sea!"

Then spake Sir Richard Fearless stern:
"Ye demons there in hell,
I served ye many a goodly turn,
Now serve ye me as well!"

"My counsel often has been heard,"
Sir Naimes did remark.
"Fresh water, though, and helpful word
Are rare upon a bark."

Then, spake Sir Riol, old and gray:
"An aged knight am I;
And they shall lay my corpse away
Where it is good and dry."

And then Sir Guy began to sing—
He was a courtly knight:
"Fain I would have a birdie's wing,
And to my love take flight!"

Then Count Garein, the noble, said:
"God, danger from us keep!
I'd rather drink the wine so red
Than water in the deep."

Sir Lambert spake, a sprightly youth:
"May God behold our state!
I'd rather eat good fish, forsooth,
Than be myself a bait."

Then quoth Sir Gottfried: "Be it so,
I heed not how I fare:
Whatever I must undergo,
My brothers all would share."

But at the helm King Charles sat by,
And never said a word,
And steered the ship with steadfast eye
Till no more tempest stirred.

Suabian Legend

When Emperor Redbeard with his band
Came marching through the Holy Land,
He had to lead, the way to seek,
His noble force o'er mountains bleak.
Of bread there rose a painful need,
Though stones were plentiful indeed,
And many a German rider fine
Forgot the taste of mead and wine.

The horses drooped from meagre fare,
The rider had to hold his mare.
There was a knight from Suabian land
Of noble build and mighty hand;
His little horse was faint and ill,
He dragged it by the bridle still:
His steed he never would forsake,
If his own life should be at stake.
And so the horseman had to stay
Behind his band a little way.
Then all at once, right in his course,
Pranced fifty Turkish men on horse.
And straight a swarm of arrows flew,
Their spears as well the riders threw.
Our Suabian brave felt no dismay,
And calmly marched along his way.
His shield was stuck with arrows o'er,
He sneered and looked about—no more;
Till one, whom all this pastime bored,
Above him swung a crooked sword.
The German's blood begins to boil,
He aims the Turkish steed to foil,
And off he knocks with hit so neat
The Turkish charger's two fore-feet.
And now that he has felled the horse,
He grips his sword with double force
And swings it on the rider's crown
And splits him to the saddle down:
He hews the saddle into bits,
And e'en the charger's back he splits.

See, falling to the right and left,
Half of a Turk that has been cleft!
The others shudder at the sight
And hie away in frantic flight,
And each one feels with gruesome dread
That he is split through trunk and head.
A band of Christians, left behind,
Came down the road, his work to find:
And they admired, one by one,
The deed our hero bold had done.
From these the Emperor heard it all,
And bade his men the Suabian call,
Then spake: "Who taught thee, honoured
knight,
With hits like those you dealt, to fight?"
Our hero said without delay:
"These hits are just the Suabian way:
Throughout the realm all men admit,
The Suabians always make a hit."

Free Art

Thou, whom song was given, sing
In the German poets' wood!
When all boughs with music ring,
Life is sweet and pleasure good.

Nay, this art doth not belong
To a small and haughty band;
Scattered are the seeds of song
All about the German land.

Music set thy passions free
From the heart's confining cage!
Let thy love like murmurs be
And like thunder-storms thy rage!

Singest thou not all thy days,
Joy of youth should make thee sing.
Nightingales pour forth their lays
In the blooming months of spring!

Though in books they hold not fast
What the hour imparts to thee,
Stray leaves to the breezes cast!
Youth will seize them gratefully.

Fare thou well, thou secret lore:
Necromancy, alchemy!
Formulas shall bind no more,
And our art is poesy.

Names we deem but empty air,
Spirits we revere alone;
Though we honour masters rare,
Art is free—it is our own!

Not in haunts of marble chill,
Temples drear where ancients trod,—
Nay, in oaks on woody hill
Lives and moves the German God.

JOSEPH FREIHERR VON EICHENDORFF

Born 1788 near Ratibor. Died 1857 in Neisse

The Broken Ring

Down in a cool, green valley
A millwheel goes all day,
And there my love would dally—
Now she is gone away.

She gave a ring for token
And pledged her faith as true:
Her faith—alas!—is broken,
The ring has burst in two.

I'd be a fiddler strolling,
And wander far from home!
My songs forever trolling,
From door to door I'd roam.

I'd be a rider, flying
Into the bloody fight,
By quiet campfires lying
Upon the field at night.

I hear the millwheel going:
I know not what I will—

I wish I might be dying,
Then it would stand quite still.

The Last Greeting

My way from the woods I was wending:
There stood the old house still.
My love, as of old, was bending
Far over the window-sill.

Another man she has taken,
I was far in the battle's din.
How all has turned out!—Ah, forsaken,
I wish a new war would begin!

Her child at the wayside was playing;
Such likeness to her it bore!
I kissed its red lips while saying:
“God bless thee forevermore!”

But she was frightened; I wandered.
She lingered and gazed after me,
And shook her fair locks and pondered,
And knew not who I might be.

The woods were murmuring gladly,
I stood by a tree on the height;
My hunter's horn I blew sadly:
It throbbed as in dreams through the night.

At morn, when the songbirds dally,
She wept and her heart was sore.
But I was gone far from the valley;
And now she will see me no more.

On the Death of My Child

From far the clocks are ticking,
Deep midnight spreads its shade;
The lamp is burning dimly—
Your little bed is made.

Only the winds are wandering
Around the house and moan,
And by the window harking
We sit inside, alone.

It seems as if you gently
Must knock upon the door:
You'd lost your way, and weary
Had wandered home once more!

How pitiful our folly!
We are the ones who roam,
Lost in the dreadful darkness—
You long have found your home.

Longing

The stars were so golden and glistening;
I stood by the window alone,

To songs of the post-horn listening,
O'er silent moorland blown.
My heart within me was burning.
"To travel—ah, what delight!"
I thought in my secret yearning,
In the glorious summer night.

Two merry youths were walking
By the slope of yonder hill.
I heard their singing and talking,
When all about was still:
Of woodlands murmuring mildly,
Ravines from the dizziest height,
Of waterfalls that wildly
Pour into the forest's night.

They sang of marble shining,
Of garden walls o'er-grown,
Where vines are rampantly twining,
Of moon-lit palaces lone,
Where maids at the windows are rousing
The music from lutes with delight,
Where murmuring fountains are drowsing
In the glorious summer night.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT

Born 1789 in Schweinfurt. Died 1866 near
Koburg

Ecstasy

Oh, thou my soul, oh, thou my heart,
Thou my delight, my pain thou art!
Oh, thou my world in which I move,
My heaven where I soar above,
Oh, thou the tomb to which I gave
Forever all my sorrow grave.

Thou art my peace, thou art my rest,
With thee, thou heaven, I am blessed.
Thy love endows me in mine eyes,
Thy glance my own life glorifies.
Through thee above myself I fly,
My guiding spirit, my better I!

Chidher

Chidher, the ever youthful, told:
I passed a city, bright to see.
A man was culling fruits of gold;
I asked him how old this town might be.
He answered, culling as before:

"This town stood ever in days of yore,
And will stand on forevermore!"

Five hundred years from yonder day
I passed again the self-same way,

And of the town I found no trace.

A shepherd blew on a reed instead;

His herd was grazing on the place.

"How long," I asked, "is the city dead?"

He answered, blowing as before:

"The new crop grows the old one o'er;

This was my pasture evermore!"

Five hundred years from yonder day

I passed again the self-same way.

A sea I found; the tide was full,

A sailor emptied nets with cheer;

And when he rested from his pull,

I asked how long that sea were here.

Then laughed he with a hearty roar:

"As long as waves have washed this shore

They fished here ever in days of yore."

Five hundred years from yonder day

I passed again the self-same way.

I found a forest settlement,

And o'er his axe, a tree to fell,

I saw a man in labour bent.

How old this wood I bade him tell.

" 'Tis everlasting; long before

I lived, it stood in days of yore,"
He quoth; "and shall grow evermore."
Five hundred years from yonder day
I passed again the self-same way.

I saw a town; the market-square
Was swarming with a noisy throng.
"How long," I asked, "has this town been there?
Where are wood and sea and shepherd's song?"
I heard them cry among the roar:
"This town was ever so before,
And so will live forevermore."
Five hundred years from yonder day
I want to pass the self-same way.

WILHELM HEY

Born 1790 in Leina. Died 1854 in Ichtershausen

Say, How Many Stars Are Glowing

Say, how many stars are glowing
On the heavens' deep blue dome?
Say, how many clouds are going,
Over all the world to roam?
God our Lord has told their host,
That no single one is lost,
Though their number be so great.

Say, how many gnats are playing,
In the summer sunlight's glow?
Say, how many fish are straying
In the water's limpid flow?
God our Lord called them by name,
Straightway into life they came;
Now they all are glad and gay.

Say, how many children hurry,
From their little beds to rise,
And, untouched by care or worry,
Pass the day in merry wise?
They all please the Lord above,
And He gives them all His love,
Knows thee too and holds thee dear.

THEODOR KÖRNER

Born 1791 in Dresden. Killed in battle 1813
near Gadebusch (Mecklenburg)

Father, I Call Thee!

Father, I call Thee!

Smoke clouds enwrap me and cannons are crashing,

Round me the terrible lightnings are flashing.

Guide of all battles, I call Thee!

Father, oh guide me!

Father, oh guide me!

Guide me to victory and to death lead me:

Lord, Thy commandments I know and I heed Thee;

Lord, as Thou willest, so guide me!

My God, I heed Thee!

My God, I heed Thee!

Once amid murmur of leaves I could hear Thee,

Now in the thunder of war I am near Thee.

Fountain of mercy, I heed Thee.

Father, oh bless me!

Father, oh bless me!

Into Thy hand my life I surrender:

Thou hast bestowed it, so take it, Defender!

Living or dying, oh bless me!

Father, I praise Thee!

Father, I praise Thee!

Not for the goods of this earth we are fighting:

To guard the holiest, our swords are smiting.

Falling in triumph, I praise Thee.

My God, I trust Thee!

My God, I trust Thee!

When all the thunders of death are roaring,

When from my veins the blood is pouring:

My life, God, I trust to Thee!

Father, I call Thee!

WILHELM MÜLLER

Born 1794 in Dessau. Died 1827 in Dessau

Vineta

From the deep, deep bottom of the sea
Sounds the muffled toll of evening bells,
And this far-off ringing wondrously
Of the fair, old wonder-city tells.

Sunk beneath the flood long, long ago,
On the sand the city's ruins stay;
Golden gleams from battlements below
Brightly mirrored on the water play.

And the skipper who in sunset light
Once has seen the necromantic glow,
To the selfsame place on every night,
Though the cliffs are threatening, must row.

From the deep, deep bottom of the heart,
Toll of muffled bells I seem to hear;
Ah, such wondrous tidings they impart
Of the love that once was held most dear.

Sunk into the depth long, long ago,
Of a lovely world the ruins stay—

Heavenly golden gleams from far below,
In the mirror of my dreams they play.

Then into the deep I want to fall,
Steep myself in all the magic light,
And I seem to hear the angels call
From the ancient wonder-city's site.

AUGUST GRAF VON PLATEN

Born 1796 in Ansbach. Died 1835 in Syracuse

Sonnet

Oh, he whose pain means life, whose life means
pain

May feel again what I have felt before;
Who has beheld his bliss above him soar
And, when he sought it, fly away again;

Who in a labyrinth has tried in vain,
When he has lost his way, to find a door,
Whom love has singled out for nothing more
Than with despondency his soul to bane;

Who begs each lightning for a deadly stroke,
Each stream to drown the heart that cannot heal
From all the cruel stabs by which it broke,

Who does begrudge the dead their beds like steel
Where they are safe from love's beguiling yoke—
He knows me quite, and feels what I must feel.

ANNETTE FREIIN VON DROSTE-
HÜLSHOFF

Born 1797 in Hülshoff near Münster. Died 1848
in Meersburg by the Bodensee

Last Words

When I am gone, brook no complaining,
Beloved, shed no tears, I pray!
Where I shall dwell, there peace is reigning,
There shines an everlasting day.

Where earth's great misery is vanished,
Your images shall never fade;
I'll pray that all your pain be banished,
That balm upon your wounds be laid.

At night, when heavenly peace is flying
Above the world that sorrow mars,
Ah, think not of my grave with sighing!
For then I greet you from the stars.

HEINRICH HOFFMANN VON FALLERS-
LEBEN

Born 1798 in Fallersleben (Hannover). Died
1874 in Corvey (Westfalen)

German Land Above All Others

German land, above all others,
Dear above all other lands,
Like a faithful host of brothers
Evermore united stands,
And from Maas to farthest Memel
As from Etch to Belt expands:
German land above all others,
Dear above all other lands!

German faith and German women,
German wine and German song
In the world shall keep the beauties
That of old to them belong;
Still to noble deeds inspiring,
They shall always make us strong--
German faith and German women,
German wine and German song!

Union, right and freedom ever
For the German fatherland!

So with brotherly endeavour
Let us strive with heart and hand!
For a bliss that wavers never
Union, right and freedom stand—
In this glory bloom forever,
Bloom, my German fatherland!

LUISE HENSEL

Born 1798 in Linum (Brandenburg). Died 1876
in Paderborn

Child's Prayer

I am weary, seek repose,
Both my little eyes I close.
Father, let Thine eyes so bright
Watch above my bed all night!

If I have done wrong to-day,
Then forgive it, Lord, I pray!
For Thy grace and Jesus' blood
Make all harm and sorrow good.

All my kin, O God, let rest
In Thy hand, and keep them blessed.
Friends and strangers, big and small,
Shall be in Thy keeping all.

Send to aching hearts repose,
Tearful eyes, I pray Thee, close:
And the moon in Heaven keep,
Gazing on the world asleep.

HEINRICH HEINE

Born 1799 in Düsseldorf. Died 1856 in Paris
(1799)

Thou Seemest Like a Flower

Thou seemest like a flower,
So fair and pure thou art;
I look on thee and sadness
Comes stealing through my heart.

And now I feel like resting
My hands upon thy hair,
Praying that God may keep thee
So lovely, pure and fair.

I Dreamed a Princess Came to Me

I dreamed a princess came to me
With pale and tearful face.
We sat beneath the linden tree
In lovers' fond embrace.

"I do not want thy father's throne,
Nor yet his sceptre of gold,
His diamond crown I would not own—
Thee, fairest, I want to hold."

"That may not be," she spake to me,
"I lie in my grave below—
Only at night I come to thee,
Because I love thee so."

— *The Lotos Flower*

The lotos flower trembles
In fear of the sunshine bright,
And with her head cast downward
Waits dreaming for the night.

She is waked by the moon, her lover,
By moonbeams' light embrace,
And she unveils in kindness
Her gentle flower face.

She blooms and glows and shining
All silent looks above:
With tears and fragrance she trembles
In love and the woe of love.

The Fir-tree

A fir-tree stands so lonely
On barren northern height.
Drowsy it grows; the snowdrift
Has wrought it a mantle white.

It dreams of a distant palm-tree,
That in some eastern land

Alone, in silence mourning,
On a burning cliff must stand.

I Bear No Anger

I bear no anger, though my heart must break,
Love lost forever! No, not for thy sake.
Resplendent though thou be with diamonds bright,
No beam can fall into thy bosom's night.

I knew it long. In dreams I saw thee still,
And then I saw thy heart with darkness fill,
I saw the serpent gnawing at thy heart,
Saw, love, how wretched and forlorn thou art.

— The Rock with Runes

There looms in the sea the rock with runes—
I sit with my memory roaming.
The wind and the seagulls shriek their tunes,
The waves are wandering and foaming.

I loved—ah, many a dearest child,
And many a comrade yonder!
Where are they gone? The wind is wild,
The waves—they foam and wander.

On Wings of Song

On wings of song—ah, lightly,
Heart's dearest, I bear thee away:

A nook is beckoning brightly
Where Ganges' waters play.

A blooming red garden is lying
In moonlight calm and clear,
The lotos flowers are sighing
For thee, their sister dear.

The violets banter and slyly
They peep at the star-rays pale,
The roses are whispering shyly
Some fragrant fairy-tale.

The gentle gazelles come leaping,
And hearken what we say;
The sacred river is sweeping
And murmuring far away.

Beloved, let us be sinking
Under the shady palm,
The blissful quiet drinking
And dreaming dreams of balm.

The Loreley

I know not what evermore grieves me,
What makes me sorrow so:
A tale of old times never leaves me,
A tale of long ago.

'Tis cool and the shadows are growing,
And calmly flows the Rhine,
The peak of the mountain is glowing
Where evening sunrays shine.

There sits the most beautiful maiden
On high, so wondrous fair,
With glittering gems she is laden,
She combeth her golden hair.

Her golden comb doth glisten,
She sings a song the while,
The tune for all that listen
Has power to beguile.

The man in the boat is harking,
He's seized with wild, wild woe,
And never the rock-reefs marking,
He gazes on high from below.

The waves, I believe, will be flinging
The man from his boat to die;
And all that from the singing—
The lay of the Loreley!

Two Grenadiers

To France there wandered two grenadiers,
In Russia once captives made.
To German quarters they came after years,
And bowed their heads, dismayed.

And there they were sorrowful tidings told
That France was lost—and repelled,
Destroyed and defeated the army bold—
And the emperor captive held.

The grenadiers wept grievously
When told this mournful lore.
Then said the one: "Ah, woe is me,
How my old wound is sore!"

"The song is sung" the other said,
"I too would die with thee;
But wife and child, if I were dead,
Would perish utterly."

"For wife and child what do I care!
Far better longings I know:
As hungry beggars let them fare—
My emperor, emperor—woe!"

"But grant me, brother, one only prayer:
Now when I here shall die,
My body take to France and there
In French earth let me lie!"

"My cross of honour with scarlet band
Upon my heart be placed;
And put my gun into my hand,
My sword gird round my waist!"

“Then quietly I’ll lie and hark,
A sentry in my tomb,
Till I the horses’ prancing mark,
And hear the cannon’s boom.

“Then my emperor rides across my grave,
And swords will be clashing hard:
And armed I’ll rise up from my grave,
My emperor to guard!”

WILHELM HAUFF

Born 1802 in Stuttgart. Died 1827 in Stuttgart

Morning Glow

Morning glow, morning glow,
For my death thou gleamest so;
Soon the trumpet will be blowing,
Unto death I must be going,
I and many comrades too.

Ere we've thought, ere we've thought,
Joy unto an end is brought.
Yesterday on proud steeds flying,
Shot to-day, in anguish lying,
And to-morrow in the grave.

Soon, alas, soon, alas,
Strength and beauty have to pass.
Though in youthful pride thou glowest,
Cheeks so fair and ruddy showest:
Ah, the roses all must fade!

To what end, to what end
Doth man's joy and cunning tend?
Under care and sorrow bending,

He must follow toil unending
E'en from morning until night.

So be still, so be still!
I will yield to God's own will,
Fight with spirit when they call me,
And if death should soon befall me,
Then there dies a rider brave.

NIKOLAUS LENAU

(Pseud. for NIKOLAUS NIEMBSCH EDLER
VON STREHLENAU)

Born 1802 in Csatád (Hungary). Died 1850
near Vienna

Marsh Song

Undisturbed the pool reposes,
And the moon with silver sheen
Weaves upon it pallid roses
In the sedges' wreath of green.

Stags, upon the hillside erring,
Upward in the darkness glance,
Wildfowl in the sedge are stirring,
Now and then, as in a trance.

Down I gaze, my tears are flowing;
Through my soul's depth unaware
Tender thoughts of thee are going,
Like a silent evening prayer.

The Postillion

Lovely was the night in May,
Silver clouds were sailing

High above the spring array,
Through the heavens trailing.

Field and forest lay and slept,
Every path was lonely;
On the streets the watch was kept
By the moonshine only.

But the breeze was whispering,
Ever mildly sweeping,
Where the children of the spring
All lay calmly sleeping.

Gently crept the little brook;
Dreams of flowers blooming
Spread through every quiet nook,
Joyously perfuming.

My postillion was more rough,
Snapped his horse-whip loudly;
Over valley, hill and bluff
Blew his bugle proudly.

Hoofs of nimble horses four
Beat in sprightly measure,
Through the forest evermore
Trotting on with pleasure.

Wood and field were sweeping past,
Scarcely seen—then banished;

Like the flight of dreams, so fast
Peaceful hamlets vanished!

Girded round by joys of spring
Lay a graveyard yonder,
Wanderers admonishing
There to halt and ponder.

Gray against the mountainside,
Ancient walls were leaning;
Sadly stood the Crucified
High, in silent meaning.

On my rider's spirits gay
Sadness fell, subduing,
And he made the horses stay;
Spoke, the Cross there viewing:

"Horse and wheel must stop right here,
Though it may be trying:
Yonder is my comrade dear
In the cool earth lying.

"'Twas a fellow good and true—
Sir, it is a pity!
No one like my comrade blew
On the horn a ditty.

"Here I always stop and blow
Songs dear to the other

Lying in the earth below—
Greetings from a brother!"

To the churchyard songs of cheer
He sent gaily swelling;
These should reach the brother's ear
In his peaceful dwelling.

Far the bugle's voice was borne,
From the mountains ringing,
And the dead postillion's horn
Seemed to join the singing.

On we rode with slackened rein,
Through the landscape bounding;
Long the echo's glad refrain
In my ears was sounding.

JOHANN NEPOMUK VOGL

Born 1802 in Vienna. Died 1866 in Vienna

The Recognition

A wandering youth with a cane in his hand
Comes home again from a foreign land.

His hair is dusty, his face is brown;
Who will know him first in the little town?

He enters the town by the ancient gate.
At the toll-bar leans a former mate:

The publican once was a cherished friend,
Gay hours at the tavern they used to spend.

But see, his old comrade knows him not:
His face is so sunburnt that he is forgot.

The youth wanders on with a greeting fleet,
And shakes off the dust from his tired feet.

From a window his love looks with gentle eyes.
"Be welcome, oh, loveliest maiden!" he cries.

See, even the maiden knows him not:
His face is so sunburnt that he is forgot.

So on he is strolling across the town:
A tear gleams bright on his cheek so brown.

There totters his mother from the church-door.
“God bless you!” he says, and nothing more.

But see, his old mother is sobbing with joy:
“My son!”—And she sinks on the breast of her boy.

No matter how sunburnt his face has grown,
By a mother’s eye he is straightway known.

EDUARD MÖRIKE

Born 1804 in Ludwigsburg. Died 1875 in
Stuttgart

The Forsaken Maiden

Early when cocks still crow,
Ere the stars retire,
I to the stove must go
To start the fire.

Beautiful gleams the blaze,
Sparks gaily glow,
And so I gaze and gaze,
All lost in woe.

Then it comes over me,
Thou faithless lad:
Last night I dreamed of thee,
All dreams I had.

Tear upon tear must run
Wildly anon:
Thus is the day begun—
Would it were gone!

ERNST FREIHERR VON FEUCHTERS-
LEBEN

Born 1806 in Vienna. Died 1849 in Vienna

It Has Been Willed in God's Decree

It has been willed in God's decree:
What you have loved most tenderly,
You part with,
Though there is nothing on the earth
That leaves the heart such sorry dearth
As parting, aye, parting.

A rosebud in a water glass,
A lovely gift, you watch—alas,
Remember:
The rose that blooms to-morrow bright,
Must wither sadly in the night,
Remember, remember!

When God has given you a love,
You hold her dear, all else above,
In keeping:
Not many years will then be flown,
Before she leaves you all alone,
With weeping, with weeping.

BOOK IV
MODERN TIME

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

Born 1810 in Detmold. Died 1876 in Kannstadt

The Duration of Love

Oh, love as long as you can love,
Oh, love as long as love you may!
The hour will come, the hour will come:
By graves lamenting you will stay.

And ever keep your heart aglow,
And let it foster love with care,
As long as still another heart
Beats with it warmly anywhere.

If one unseals his breast to you,
Ah, do him all the good you can—
And all his hours with gladness fill,
And grieve him not for one hour's span!

Your tongue—ah, hold it well in check!—
Is quick to say an evil word.
Oh God, it was not meant so ill!
Yet pained he turns away who heard.

Oh, love as long as you can love,
Oh, love as long as love you may!

MODERN TIME

The hour will come, the hour will come:
By graves lamenting you will stay.

Then you kneel down before the grave,
And hide your tearful eyes—alas!
They see the loved one now no more—
In long and dewy graveyard grass,

And say: "Look down upon me here
Who by your grave am weeping still;
Forgive that I have given pain:
Oh God, it was not meant so ill!"

He sees you not and hears you not,
And seeks not your embrace—ah, no,
The lips that kissed you oft, no more
Say: "I forgave you long ago."

He did forgive you long ago,
And hot fell many a tear as toll
For you and for your bitter word—
But hush!—He's resting at his goal.

Oh, love as long as you can love,
Oh, love as long as love you may!
The hour will come, the hour will come:
By graves lamenting you will stay!

EMANUEL GEIBEL

Born 1815 in Lübeck. Died 1884 in Lübeck

Wanderer's Joy

The May-time has come and the trees are budding
fair;

Then stay, all who want to, at home with toil and
care!

As the clouds are wandering along the heavenly
dome,

So my heart is longing the wide world to roam.

Farewell, father, mother, may God you ever bless!
Who knows where, far from here, I'll find happiness!

There are many roads still, I never have spied,
There are many wines, too, I never yet have tried.

So up and about in the gay sunlight's glow,
Far over the mountains, through valleys to go!
The trees murmur gladly, the springs leap along,
My heart's like the lark and it joins in the song.

At night, in the village, I stop at a sign:
"Sir landlord, sir landlord, a jug of cool wine!"

You jolly good fiddler, take your fiddle and play!
About my dear sweetheart I'll sing you a lay."

And if I find no shelter, I'll lie in the night
Beneath the dark blue heavens, while stars are
watching bright;

The wind in the lindens will lull me into dreams,
At dawn I'll be roused by the morning sunbeams.

To wander, to wander—oh, youth's happy zest,
When God's breath is blowing so freely through
the breast!

Then unto high heaven sings the jubilant heart:
Oh, wide world, I greet thee, how beautiful thou
art!

Evening

Now that shadows deepen,
Star by star grows bright,
What a breath of longing
Floods the silent night!

Through the sea of visions,
Restless for its goal,
All my soul is steering
Ever toward thy soul.

Take my soul, surrendered
Quite to thee alone;
Ah, thou knowest: never
Can I be mine own!

THEODOR STORM

Born 1817 in Husum. Died 1888 near Husum

The City

The shore is gray, the sea is gray,
And there the city stands;
The mists upon the houses weigh,
And through the calm the ocean gray
Roars dully on the strands.

There are no rustling woods, there fly
No singing birds in May;
The wild goose with its callous cry
Alone on autumn nights soars by;
The wind-blown grasses sway.

And yet my whole heart clings to thee,
Gray city by the sea;
And e'er the spell of youth for me
Doth smiling rest on thee, on thee
Gray city by the sea.

The Heath

It is so quiet here. There lies
The heath in noon's warm sunshine gold.

A gleam of light, all rosy, flies
And hovers round the tombstones old.
The herbs are blooming; fragrance fair
Now fills the bluish summer air.

The beetles rush through bush and trees,
In little golden coats of mail;
And on the heather-bells the bees
Alight, on all the branches frail.
From out the grass there starts a throng
Of larks and fills the air with song.

A lonely house, half-crumbled, low:
The farmer, in the doorway bent,
Stands watching in the sunlight's glow
The busy bees in sweet content.
And on a stone near by his boy
Is carving pipes from reeds with joy.

Scarce trembling through the peace of noon,
The town-clock strikes—from far, it seems.
The old man's lids are drooping soon,
And of his honey crops he dreams.—
The sounds that fill our time of stress
Have not yet reached this loneliness.

In the Wood

(From "*Immensee*")

The wind upon the hillside
Is hushed—the air is mild.

And here the boughs are drooping;
Beneath them sits the child.

Amid the thyme she's sitting,
Within the fragrance rare,
While bluish flies are flitting
And gleaming through the air.

The forest is so silent,
So wise and keen her glance;
And round her brown hair curling
The glowing sunbeams dance.

I hear the cuckoo's laughter—
And through my spirit flies
The thought that she has truly
The wood-queen's golden eyes.

Elisabeth's Song

(From "*Immensee*")

All was for my mother's sake:
The other man she made me take!
What it had owned before
My heart should know no more,
But could not thus forsake.

Mother, I'm accusing you:
Good to me you did not do;
The world would have esteemed

What now a sin is deemed.
What shall I do!

Now fled is joy and pride,
But sorrow must abide.
Oh, would this were not so,
Could I a-begging go,
Over the brown heath wide!

To a Deceased

But this is more than I can bear,
That still the laughing sun is bright,
As in the days when you were there,
That clocks are striking, unaware,
And mark the change of day and night—

That we, as twilight dims the air,
Assemble when the day is done,
And that the place where stood your chair
Already many others share,
And that you seem thus missed by none;

When meanwhile, from the gate below,
The narrow strips of moonlight spare
Into your vault down deeply go,
And with a ghostly pallid glow
Are stealing o'er your coffin there.

FRIEDRICH VON BODENSTEDT

Born 1819 in Peine (Hannover). Died 1892 in
Wiesbaden

The Rose Complained

(*From the "Songs of Mirza Schaffy"*)

The rose complained, her fragrance fled,
Ah, far too swiftly it was going—
The lovely scent that spring was giving.

And then to comfort her I said,
Her fragrance through my songs was flowing,
And there forevermore was living.

THEODOR FONTANE

Börn 1819 in Neuruppin. Died 1898 in Berlin

Sir Ribbeck of Ribbeck

Sir Ribbeck of Ribbeck in Havelland—
A pear-tree in his yard did stand;
And in the golden autumn-tide,
When pears were shining far and wide,
Sir Ribbeck, when barely the bells had struck noon,
Would stuff both his pockets with pears right soon.
If a boy in clogs would come his way,
He would call: "My boy, have a pear to-day?"
To a girl he'd call: "Little maid over there,
Now come here to me, and I'll give you a pear!"
And thus he did ever, as years went by,
Till Sir Ribbeck of Ribbeck came to die.
He felt his end coming; 'twas autumn-tide,
And the pears were laughing, far and wide.
Then spoke Sir Ribbeck: "And now I must die.
Lay a pear in my grave, beside me to lie!"
From the double-roofed house, in three days more,
Sir Ribbeck to his grave they bore.
All the peasants and cotters with solemn face
Did sing: "Lord Jesus, in Thy Grace"—

And the children moaned with hearts of lead:
"Who will give us a pear? Now he is dead."

Thus moaned the children—that was not good!—
Not knowing old Ribbeck as they should.
Young Ribbeck—alas!—is a miser hard;
Over park and pear-tree he keeps stern guard.
But the old, who this doubtless could foretell,
Distrusting his son—he knew right well
What he was about when he bade them lay
A pear in his grave, on his dying day:
Out of his silent haunt in the third year
A little pear-tree shoot did soon appear.
And many a year now comes and goes,
But a pear-tree on the grave there grows,
And in the golden autumn-tide
The pears are shining far and wide.
When a boy o'er the grave-yard wends his way,
The tree whispers: "Boy, have a pear to-day?"
To a girl it says: "Little maid over there,
Come here to me and I'll give you a pear!"
So there are blessings still from the hand
Of Sir Ribbeck of Ribbeck in Havelland.

The Bridge by the Tay

(When shall we three meet again?—MACBETH)

"When shall we three meet again?"
"The dam of the bridge at seven attain!"

"By the pier in the middle. I'll put out amain
The flames."

"I too."

"I'll come from the north."

"And I from the south."

"From the sea I'll soar forth."

"Ha, that will be a merry-go-round!

The bridge must sink into the ground."

"And with the train what shall we do

That crosses the bridge at seven?"

"That too."

"That must go too!"

"A bauble, a naught,

What the hand of man hath wrought!"

The bridgekeeper's house that stands in the north—

All windows to the south look forth,

And the inmates there without peace or rest

Are gazing southward with anxious zest.

They gaze and wait a light to spy

That over the water "I'm coming!" should cry,

"I'm coming—night and storm are vain—

I, from Edinburg the train!"

And the bridgekeeper says: "I see a gleam

On the other shore. That's it, I deem.

Now, mother, away with bad dreams, for, see,

Our Johnnie is coming!—He'll want his tree.

And what is left of candles, light

As if it were on Christmas night!

Twice we shall have our Christmas cheer—
In eleven minutes he must be here.”

It is the train, with the gale it vies
And panting by the south tower flies.
“There’s the bridge still,” says Johnnie. “But
that’s all right:
We’ll make it surely out of spite!
A solid boiler and double steam
Should win in such a fight, ’twould seem!
Let it rave and rage and run at its bent—
We’ll put it down: this element!
And our bridge is our pride. I must laugh always
When I think back of the olden days,
And all the trouble and misery
That with the old boat used to be.
And many cheerful Christmas nights
I spent at the ferryman’s house—the lights
From our windows I’d watch and count them o’er,
And could not reach the other shore.”

The bridgekeeper’s house that stands in the north—
All windows to the south look forth,
And the inmates there without peace or rest
Are gazing southward with anxious zest:
More furious grew the wind’s wild games,
And now, as if the sky poured flames,
Comes shooting down a radiance bright
O’er the water below.—Then all is night.

"When shall we three meet again?"

"At midnight the top of the mountain attain!"

"By the alder-stem on the high moorland plain!"

"I'll come."

"And I too."

"And the number I'll tell."

"And I the names."

"I the torture right well."

"Whoo!"

"Like splinters the woodwork crashed in
two."

"A bauble—a naught.

What the hand of man hath wrought!"

GOTTFRIED KELLER

Born 1819 near Zurich. Died 1890 in Zurich

Song of the Evening

You my eyes, my little windows dear,
Leave me yet a while your vision clear,
Welcome many pictures in with cheer—
Sometime soon you will be dark and drear!

And when once these weary lids shall close,
Then the soul shall rest—when darkness grows;
Groping, off she strips her shoes and goes
In her coffin black to find repose.

Still she sees two little sparks that gleam:
Like two tiny inward stars they beam,
Till they fade and vanish like a dream;
Blown away by moth-wings' beat they seem.

Yet I'm wandering still at eventide,
Only fading stars as friends abide.
Drink, my eyes, whate'er can be espied
Of the glories in this world so wide!

Winter Night

Not a wing was beating in the night,
Dazzling white and peaceful lay the snow,
Not a cloud hung o'er the starry light,
Frozen was the lake—all calm below.

There a tree was growing from the deep,
In the ice its crown was frozen fast;
And the mermaid climbed the branches steep,
Peering through the greenish ice at last.

There I stood upon the glassy sheet—
Glass that barred me from that depth so dark;
Well I could, beneath my very feet,
All her white and wondrous beauty mark.

At the hard, hard roof, from place to place,
Still she gropes, from stifled anguish sore;
I shall not forget that dusky face,
In my mind it lingers evermore!

Summer Night

The grain is waving far around,
And like a sea it stretches out;
And yet upon the silent ground
No horrid sea-brood lies about.
But here of wreaths the flowers dream,

As they drink in the star-shine blest.
Oh, golden sea, thy peaceful beam
My longing soul absorbs with zest!

There is a custom fair and old
In my own home in valleys green:
When bright the summer starlight's gold,
When through the bushes fireflies sheen—
Ah, then a whisp'ring, waving gay,
Draws near the ripened field by night,
And through the golden crops there sway
The sickles, gleaming silver-bright.

For, flocking to the field in throngs,
The young and sturdy lads draw near.
The crop they're seeking that belongs
To widow or to orphan drear
Who kindly help can never know
Of father, brother, servant boy.—
For her the youths her harvest mow;
Their work is graced by purest joy.

Already all the sheaves are bound
And swiftly in a ring they're laid.
How blithe the fleeting hours were found:
At night-time cool the boys have played!
Now there are songs and revels glad
Among the sheaves, till breath of day
Each brown and never weary lad
To his own labour calls away.

KONRAD FERDINAND MEYER

Born 1825 in Zurich. Died 1898 near Zurich

But the Sun Is Ever Youthful

Now the long forgotten valley of my youth I went
to seek,

And I saw the dale lie barren and the mountains
stand out bleak.

Oh, my trees and oh, my dreams, and sombre
heights with beeches grown!—

But the sun is ever youthful and his beauty lasts
alone.

Yonder where the sedge is growing, where I see
the withered pool,

In my youth there was the bubbling of a stream
alive and cool—

From the herds, through heaths and pastures there
arose a lowing moan.—

But the sun is ever youthful and his beauty lasts
alone.

Do Thou Speak Now

To thee I wandered daily, dearest wood,
In hazy days of youth, now long gone by:

I would confide thee so much dreamed-of good,
From such true sorrow thou wouldst hear me sigh.

And thee again, my sombre haunt, I seek,
The murmur of thy treetops' mighty sea—
Do thou speak now! For I shall let thee speak!
Joy, pain are dumb. I'll hearken now to thee.

Christmas in Ajaccio

Oranges all ripe and golden we have seen, and
myrtle growing,
And the lizard flit along the wall, in sunlight
glowing.

O'er our heads beside a wilted bush a butterfly was
gliding:
There is here no border, sharply youth and age
dividing.

Buds are born before the wind has blown away the
leaves that wither,
In a sweet entanglement the train of hours flies
hither.

Tell me what your eyes are dreaming? Of a winter
—aye, a white one?
Dear, 'tis by a spring that you are richer, and
a bright one!

For you love the ling'ring suns and glowing col-
ours strong, unshaded—

MODERN TIME

And for home you're longing, where they long ago
have faded?

Hark! Through mildest airs of Paradise the
Christmas bells are calling!

Tell me what your eyes are dreaming? Of the
snowflakes falling?

The Dead Child

The child had of the garden made a friend,
Till both in autumn withered to an end.
The sun was fled and both had gone to sleep,
Enfolded in a cover white and deep.

The garden now has wakened to the light,
But still the child is slumb'ring in her night.
"Where are you?" So 'tis buzzing here and there.
For her the garden clamours everywhere.

The morning-glory, climbing up with grace,
Peeps through the window: "Leave your hiding-
place!

Come out, or it will be your own distress!
Come, let me see your fine new summer-dress!"

Schiller's Burial

Two dim and paltry torches that the raging storm
And rain at any moment threaten to put out,

KONRAD FERDINAND MEYER

A waving pall. A vulgar coffin made of pine
With not a wreath, not e'en the poorest, and no
train—

As if a crime were swiftly carried to the grave!
The bearers hastened onward. One unknown alone,
Round whom a mantle waved of wide and noble
fold,

Followed this coffin. 'Twas the Spirit of Mankind.

JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL

Born 1826 in Karlsruhe. Died 1886 in Karlsruhe

Old Heidelberg

Old Heidelberg, I love thee,
Thou town of honours fine.
Ah, there is none above thee,
By Neckar or the Rhine.

With youth in pleasure glowing,
With wisdom blessed and wine!
How clear thy stream is flowing—
Blue eyes like sunlight shine!

And when rough winter leaves thee,
And northward turns the spring,
A bridal gown it weaves thee
Of blossoms shimmering.

Thy name is written clearly
Upon my heart's own ground,
And like a bride's so dearly
I love thy name's sweet sound.

When cruel thorns shall sting me,
And dreary grows the land,
I'll spur my horse to bring me
Back unto Neckar's strand!

HEINRICH LEUTHOLD

Born 1827 in Wetzikon (Switzerland). Died 1879
near Zurich

The Forest Lake

How beautiful thou art, O deep, blue lake!
The gentle west wind hesitates to blow,
The timid lily only dares to break
Thy placid mirror with its flower of snow.

And here no anglers rude thy depth desire,
No boats upon thy water's peace intrude,
And like an anthem sung by nature's choir,
The forest murmurs through this solitude.

Wild roses strew the incense of the wood
And fragrant pines that gird thee, proud and high,
As if, like pillars of a church, they stood
To bear the dome of blue and cloudless sky.

Ah, once I knew a soul, so calm and grave,
Locked from the world with seals—the seals were
seven—

Like thee, so lucid, deep, without a wave,
Created but, like thee, to mirror heaven,

FERDINAND VON SAAR

Born 1833 in Vienna. Died 1906 in Vienna

Girls Singing

Springtime: in the evening shade
I was strolling through the vale—
All at once before me strayed
Gentle sounds across the dale.

I drew nearer; all serene
Two were sitting hand in hand—
Maidens as by day are seen
Working in the furrowed land.

And the faces both were brown
From the kissing sunbeams' glow;
Underneath each ragged gown
Bare a sunburnt foot would show.

But they sang, their heads held high,
Songs that from their bosoms sprang
To the stars that lit the sky,
Sang, and knew not how they sang.

And they sang the old, old lays
All of love, its joy and pain,
Heedless, seeking no one's praise,
Through the wide and lonely plain.

WILHELM JENSEN

Born 1837 in Heiligenhafen. Died 1911 in Munich

Letters from the Beloved

Ah, your too cool letters, dear,
Make me think of some cool spring:
From the depth, translucent, clear
Leaps the water, murmuring.

Babbling, bubbling wavelets splash,
Dancing downward from the height;
Flickerings of light they flash,
Making all the pebbles bright.

There's a rushing, speeding on,
There's a restless tearing past,
Pearling bubbles soon are gone,
Broken and dissolved too fast.

Yet, while waves are tumbling by—
Under boulders, here and there,
Placid pools of water lie,
Each within a sombre lair.

There arise strange, magic gleams,
Green and golden from the deep:
In the hidden pools, it seems,
Ah—some miracle must sleep.

JOSEPH VICTOR WIDMANN

Born 1842 in Nennowitz. Died 1911 in Bern

May-Beetle's Comedy

(Prologue to the First Act)

A night of spring on valley and on height!
The first that follows on chill winter-tide.
The mild south wind is roused again to flight,
The gentle billows of his breathing glide
Into the deeps of earth, so dark as night,
And dwell where still and secret beings hide
Which yon blue stream of light can never show
That from the island of the moon doth flow.

The deep is not the realm of death alone.
Of life-seeds there a host of millions lies.
From grubs, so pale and weak and bloodless grown,
Soon legions of them, armed in mail, will rise,
Who still in caves, dark chambers of their own,
Are dwelling like a shadow-folk. Surmise
Of its salvation has begun to grow
Upon the restless little world below.

Now that the breath of May its greeting brings,
Come, let us hark to what they do and say.
For resurrections to the beat of wings
Each clod of earth a coffin is to-day.

Now from the earth-born heavenly courage springs;
Within them life's sweet poison works away
That with delirious longing makes them pine
For worlds far distant from their own confine.

Song of the Blue Thrush

(From "*The Saint and the Beasts*")

Oh, lovely world, good-bye! For woe,
I must be gone, my heart is ill.
But, dearest world, before I go,
My life's last thanks, oh, take thou still.

It seems, at first I was not there,
I was not at the very start.
Yet round me waved the light and air,
When once a prison broke apart.

Oh, light and air, you long stayed true,
Until this twilight sank to-day,
And you were daily fair and new,
And I was young and I was gay.

My blood was warm, my blood would boil,
My breast would rise in joyful song,
And there was joy in busy toil:
The longest day was not too long.

I wove a house of many a blade
And hung it on the steep cliff-side.
One early morn my flight I made
Away into the world so wide.

Then came the unforgotten day
When once, on such a flight in spring,
In answer to my fairest lay,
I first heard love's sweet echoing.

It seemed a game and was an aim
And helped our lives at last unfold.
And even care that often came
Would give us but a stronger hold.

Ah, why does all the past seem blest,
E'en what in pain I scarce could brook?
The serpent crept into our nest!
The falcon wild my life-mate took!

When I had reared with pain and care
My youthful brood, soon came the day
When all had left, away to fare
And their own courage to essay.

And once more lonely was my flight,
And many a gloomy night passed by
When all my heart would beat in fright,
For murder tracked me on the sly.

That life was easy, who can say?
'Twas after all but full of woe!
Now that I feel it pass away,
It showers over me a glow.

Oh, mighty world! I am so small
And now must go—my heart is ill—
And now I shall not be at all—
Oh, lovely world—thanks—thank you, still—

DETLEV VON LILIENCRON

Born 1844 in Kiel. Died 1909 in Hamburg

Parting and Return

I

All over, over—and my eyes
Afar are straying in despair.
All over—but the sea-gull flies,
My plaintive escort, through the air.

The gull returns: far, far away
I leave my fatherland behind;
An outcast from my home I stray
Where I my grave had hoped to find.

When yesterday, in parting pain,
Enraged the linden bough I shook,
And heard the partridge in the grain,
A fever-spell my limbs o'ertook.

My ship is pitching, tossed by waves,
The mates are singing while they sail.
My heart is tossed, it storms and raves,
And homeless, I must feel the gale.

II

'Mid waves there gleams the pallid strand;
Afar through blurring tears is seen
The seacoast of my fatherland.
Exhausted, by the mast I lean.

The lilacs bloom, the swallows stray,
The starlings' chatter fills the air,
The organ-grinder grinds his lay,
The wind's light kiss is on my hair.

Before the guardhouse soldiers stand,
And arm in arm laugh damsels young,
While from the school there pours a band
That frolics in my native tongue.

My heart cries out in rapture wild,
Rejoicing my old home to greet,
And all I lived with as a child
Like echoes on my way I meet.

War and Peace

Mid flower beds I chanced to stand,
And gazed upon a gorgeous land
That blooming wide before me lay
Beneath the harvest sun's hot ray;
And in the apple-tree's fair shade

My host and I together stayed
And listened to a nightingale,
And peace was over hill and dale.
There whizzed, the distant rails along,
A train that brought a happy throng.
What magic! And besides it bore
Of blessed goods a heavy store.
But once I saw the iron track
Destroyed and torn for miles. Alack—
And here where flowers now abound
Was then a barren, stirred-up ground.

A summer morn was glowing bright,
Like this one: down from every height,
With bag and knapsack all day long,
From ambuscades there poured a throng
Prepared to storm, a dazzling sea,
The army of the enemy.
I stood as though of iron cast,
Upon my sabre leaning, fast.
With lips apart and open-eyed
Into the mouth of hell I spied.
“Quick fire!” “Stand still!” Now they
are there!
High waves the flag through smoky air!
And up and down go men in rows,
And many sink in deadly throes.
Now someone stabs me as I fall,
Stabs hard—I have no strength at all.
Before, beneath me, round about,

A frightful struggle, rage and rout.
And o'er this tangle wild, in fear
I see a shying war horse rear.
The hoof I see like lightning whir,
The clotted scar from pricking spur,
The girth, the spattered mud, the red
Of nostrils swelling wide with dread.
Between us now with clanging sound
The bombshell bursts its iron bound;
A dragon rears, the earth is rent—
Down falls the whole wide firmament!
They wail and moan, and dust is spread
Upon the laurels and the dead.

'Mid flower beds I chanced to stand
And gazed upon a gorgeous land
That far and wide before me lay
Beneath the peace-fan's lulling sway.
And in the apple-trees' fair shade
My host and I together stayed
And hearkened to the nightingale;
And roses bloomed on hill and dale.



BOOK V
OUR TIME

CARL SPITTELER

Born 1845 in Liestal (Switzerland)

The Bell

Bell, my silver-tongued bell,
Oh, thy secret prithee tell:
Dwellst where bats and night-owls roam,
Lonely in thy mouldered home;
Tell me, whence thy solemn ring?
And who taught thee, pray, to sing?

When in gloomy shaft I lay,
Night of hell I saw alway.
In this tower high and free
Through the whirling winds I see
Human sorrow graced by soul.
Dost thou wonder why I toll?

PRINCE EMIL VON SCHÖNAICH-
CAROLATH

Born 1852 in Breslau. Died 1908

Oh Germany!

A German town with gables
Upon a moonlight night—
I know not why I always
Am touched so by the sight.

Into the lamplight yonder
A youth is staring long;
He's sighing, sobbing, feeling
His first and dearest song.

There sits a youthful mother
And rocks to rest her child;
She's praying while she rocks him
To sleep with singing mild.

On the moonlit gables linger
An old man's pensive eyes:
He holds in his hands a Bible
Where a faded nosegay lies.

The twinkling stars are gleaming,
There's rustling in the trees;

The houses all seem dreaming
In deep and drowsy ease.

The fountain is splashing, flowing,
As always on Simon Square,
The watchman low is blowing
Upon the horn his air.

Oh Germany! I've had pleasure
In many a foreign land—
But to thee greatest treasure
Was given by God's own hand.

Thou living, longing foundest
Thy dreams in deepest peace.
The while thou iron poundest,
Thy songs shall never cease.

Let no one rob thy worship—
Thy worship old and true
Of women, faith and freedom,
And keep it ever new!

Draw from the fount of story
Thy piety of yore,
And strength to fight with glory—
To-day and evermore.

GUSTAV FALKE

Born 1853 in Lübeck. Died 1916 in Hamburg

A Day Spent

Leaning head on hand, I muse: oh, tell,
Day of beauty, have I used thee well?

First upon my wife's dear lips a kiss,
Love's salute and early morning bliss.

Faithful toil, for daily bread the care,
Men's dispute in words that never spare.

Then I quaffed my glass with true delight,
Warded off a wicked wish with might.

From eternal stars with blessed beam
Comes to me at last the poet's dream.

Leaning head on hand, I muse and tell:
Day of beauty, I have used thee well.

When I Die

Upon my forehead lay your crimson roses—
In festive garment from you I would go!

The windows open till the light reposes
Upon my bed—the starlight's smiling glow.

And music! While your songs are still enthralling,
And one by one the parting cup you drink,
Then I would have my curtain slowly falling,
As summer nights on ripened harvests sink.

ISOLDE KURZ

Born 1853 in Stuttgart

Nekropolis

A city is standing in the waves
That rose from the deepest lair:
There each of the houses the water laves
And kisses each marble stair;
There palaces stand in their glory's pride
And gilded are pillar and wall—
But over the battlements far and wide
Destruction is brooding for all.

No sound of wheel or of hoof is known
The lion to wake from his dream,
But low from the Lido the night-winds moan
And wildly the sea-gulls scream.
The moon makes silver the silent tide,
The gondolas glide their way,
And seaweeds on the water ride—
Like wind-tossed corpses stray.

O pearl, thou of all in the deep most fair,
Thou beauty out of the sea,
Where are thy daughters with golden hair,

Thy sons, oh, where may they be?
And where is thy splendour, the gleam of thy gold,
That all the earth would dread?
The arts that so many a heart would hold?
Where is thy realm? With the dead.

By night, though, the greatest canal along,
Where the flickering night lights play
Rise sounds like whispering and amorous song
Of shades that deserted stray.
Frolicking swarms of masks whirl round
Upon the Piazza near by,
And clashing swords on the Riva resound;
High masts are darkening the sky.

It seems as if from the night and deep
Had risen the Venice of old.
The waves and the sea wind wake from sleep,
Her corpse to rock and to hold.
The sea is rising, with passionate arms
There by the canal-bed to cling,
As if the young spouse with his kisses and charms
To her beauty new life should bring.

LUDWIG FULDA

Born 1862 in Frankfurt a. M.

In the Express Train

I hasten by a city lightning-fast
Here in the rattling train: I see
Streets, houses, people shooting past,
Wagons, lanterns, signs in flight,
Overlapping in my sight;
Blotted, dim they seem to me.
Here I lived once long ago,
Lived for years
In youth's impassioned sacred glow,
In love and hate, in hopes and fears.
Round the corner there—
To the left, by the square—
Lives my one-time worshipped fate;
Behind the walls there, flitting past,
I could almost hold it fast—
No: too late—too late!
The last few houses—the empty plain:
The long-lost world is fled again,
With joys and sorrows great

Of storm-blessed youthful strife.—
I feel as if this moment I
Had like a stranger hurried by
My own forgotten life!

ARNO HOLZ

Born 1863 in Rastenburg (East Prussia)

Like One of These Was He

In the woods is a village small
Lying in the sunshine's gold;
By the hillside house, the last of all,
Sits a woman old, so old.

She sits and spins no more,
Her thread slips to her feet,
She thinks of the days of yore
And sinks into slumber sweet.

Noonday steals with quiet deep
O'er the glimmering green, and now
Even thrush and cricket sleep
And the steer before the plough.
All at once they're marching by,
Gleaming the woods along—
Ahead of the soldiers fly
Drum-beats and fifes' gay song.

And to the song of Blücher brave,
"They're here!" cries the village gay,
And all the little maidens wave,

And the boys cry out: "Hurray!"
God bless the harvest gold,
And all the wide world too!
The Emperor's soldiers bold
The fields are marching through!

Turning round by the hillside near,
Where the last house seems to smile,
See, the first in the woods disappear,
And the old woman wakes meanwhile.
So heavy her heart is growing
In deepest revery,
Her tears are flowing, flowing:
"Like one of these was he!"

HUGO TERBERG

(Pseud. for HUGO MÜNSTERBERG)

Born 1863 in Danzig

Dead 1918

On the Death of a Child

Dear child, now you have gone to sleep so gently:
You smile in peace.
Your little boat sails into port contently;
Your day must cease.

The happy frolics with your dolls are over,
Your merry play;
The flowers you loved—the daisies, poppies,
 clover—
All fade away.

There stands your rocking-horse for you to ride it:
You ride no more!
No school work—ah, you never could abide it!—
Makes your heart sore.

Your sister in the lonely yard is straying
With heavy heart.
She waits for you no longer: in her playing
You have no part.

HUGO TERBERG

You lie as if in dreams—sweet calm about you:
Dream on, dream on . . .

Grieve not because the children play without you,
When you are gone.

We cannot long be playing games so gaily,
Dear child, I know:
Upon the rough wide road of life—ah, daily
Rude winds must blow.

To go through life means fighting hard and griev-
ing
With wounded breast . . .
He who can part as child, his frolics leaving,
Is truly blessed.

RICHARD DEHMEL

Born 1863 in Wendisch Hermsdorf

Voice in Darkness

There's moaning somewhere in the dark.
I want to know what it may be.
The wind is angry with the night—

Yet the wind's moan sounds not so near.
The wind will always moan at night.
'Tis in my ear my blood that moans—
My blood, forsooth.

Yet not so strangely moans my blood.
My blood is tranquil like the night.
I think a heart must moan somewhere.

Through the Night

But ever you, this sombre you,
Through all the night this hollow soaring
Of sound—and through the wires a roaring:
The homeward road my steps pursue.

And pace for pace this sombre you,
As if from pole to pole 'twere soaring;

Of thousand words I hear a roaring,
And dumb my homeward road pursue.

From an Oppressed Heart .

And still the roses gleam for me,
The sombre leaves their tremour keep;
Here in the grass I wake from sleep.
I long for thee,
For now the midnight is so deep.

The moon 's behind the garden gate,
Her light o'erflows the lake with gloss,
And silently the willows wait;
On clover moist my limbs I toss.
And never was my love so great!

So well I ne'er before had known
When I embraced thy shoulder dear,
Thine inmost self felt blindly near,
Why, when my heart had overflown,
Thy moans would rise from inmost fear.

Oh now, oh, hadst thou seen this glow—
The creeping pair of glow-worms' flame!
Ah, nevermore from thee I'll go!
I long for thee.
And still the roses gleam for me.

Many a Night

When the night on fields is sinking,
Then my eyes can see more brightly:

Now my star begins its blinking,
Crickets' whispers grow more sprightly.

Every sound becomes more glowing,
Things accustomed now seem queerer;
Paler too the skies are growing
Near the woods, the tree tops clearer.

Meditating, never heeding
How the myriad lights are showered
Out of darkness, on I'm speeding—
Now I stop all overpowered.

Wave Dance Song

I tossed a rose into the sea,
A blooming fair rose into the green sea.
Because the sun shone, sun shone bright,
After it leaped the light,
With hundred tremulous toes in glee.
When the first wave came,
Then my rose, my rose began to drown.
When the second wave raised it on shoulders tame,
The light, the light at her feet sank down.
The third snatched it up and then the light,
As if in defence, leaped high tremblingly.
But a hundred leaping flower petals
Were rocking red, red, red round me,
And my boat danced about
And my shadow like a spright
On the foam, and the green sea, the sea—

✓ *The Workman*

We have a bed and we have a child,
My wife!
And work we've for two—all our own to call,
And rain and the wind and the sunshine mild.
We are lacking now but one thing small
To be as free as the birds so wild:
Time—that's all!

When on Sundays through the fields we go,
My child,
And see how the swallows to and fro
Are shooting over the grain-stalks tall,
Oh, we lack not clothes, though our share is small,
To be as fair as the birds so wild:
Time—that's all.

But time! We're scenting a tempest wild,
We people!
Eternity our own to call—
That's what we lack, my wife, my child,
And all that blooms through us, the small,
To make us gay as the birds so wild:
Time—that's all.

Song for All

1914

Hour of steel, thou art a blessing
That at last unites us all.

Friend and foe, still peace caressing,
Trembled in suspicion's thrall.

Now comes the fight,
The honest fight!

Greed with blunted claw has meanly
Bartered for its pomp and lust;
Now we all are feeling keenly
What can save our souls from dust:

The hour of need,
Of blessed need!

Truth will blaze, through darkness smiting,
Over dust and powder's smoke.
Not for life we men are fighting—
Fighting till the fatal stroke:

For then comes death,
Divinest death!

Led by faith, thy land defending,
People, for thy spirit fight,
Heroes' blood for honour spending!
Sacrifice be our delight—

Then victory,
Hail victory!

RICARDA HUCH

Born 1864 in Braunschweig

Midnight

To this grave of mine
Come not in the morning,
Come on ways of darkness,
Dearest, by the dim moonshine.

For when through the skies
Bells are tolling midnight,
From my earthly prison
To the lovely air I rise.

In my death-dress white
On my grave I linger,
Watch the stars and measure
Time's majestic tread at night.

Come, and have no fear!
Can you still give kisses?
I forgot them never
While I slept the winters drear.

Kiss me hard and long.
In the east already

Sings the morning sunlight
—Lack-a-day!—its joyful song.

You were mine again!
Go and taste life's sweetness!—
I in deep, deep darkness
Sleep once more with pain.

OTTO JULIUS BIERBAUM

Born 1865 in Grünberg. Died 1910 in Munich

Enough

A knight rode through the ripened grain,
No spurs he had and loose his rein.
The horse that feasted on his walk
Snatched many a ripe and yellow stalk.
The dazzling summer sunlight's beam
Upon the black steel cast a gleam,
Upon the horseman's armour rough.
One word was on his shield: "Enough."
His lance stayed crosswise all the way,
His iron hand upon it lay.
When to a spring his course had led,
He took the helmet off his head,
He knelt upon the stony sand,
Drew water with his iron hand.
And then he let the water go,
And tenderly he watched its flow:
"My heart in fight and fray was hot,
And love at all times left me not.
Now home I ride with gentle pace,
And bring a smile upon my face:
Enough."

✓
STEFAN GEORGE

Born 1868 in Büdesheim

The Vigil

Within the chapel quivers candlelight.
And there the page his vigil keeps alone
Before the altar's threshold all the night.
"I shall partake when morning dawneth bright
Of all that solemn glory yet unknown,

"When by one stroke I shall be dubbed a knight.
My childhood longing hushed, I shall not swerve
From deeds of rigour; with my spurs and might
Devoted in the good war I will serve.

"For this new honour I must now prepare:
The consecration of my sword unstained
Before God's altar and the symbol there,
The testimony of high worth attained."

There his forefather's image gray and old
Reposed and slender vaults rose overhead.
Trustfully clasped, his hands lay stony cold;
Upon his breast there was a banner spread.

His eyes are darkened by the helmet's shade.
A cherub spreading wide his pinions pale

STEFAN GEORGE

Holds over him his shield with coat of mail:
Upon an azure field the flaming blade.

The youth is praying to the Lord above
And breaks the narrow bounds of prayer with
feeling,
His hands devoutly clasped as he is kneeling.
Then slowly into thoughts of pious love
An earthly image unawares is stealing.

She stood among her garden gilly-flowers,
She was much less a maiden than a child.
Upon her gown were broidered starry showers,
About her golden hair the sun-flecks smiled.

He shudders, and he longs in his dismay
To flee the vision that he deems a snare;
His hands he buries in his curly hair
And makes the sign that lets no evil stay.

The blood is rushing hot into his cheek,
The candle flames shoot lightnings in his face.
But now he sees the Lady Mother meek,
Upon her lap the Saviour giving grace.

"I will forever in Thine army serve
And all my life no other aim will seek,
And from Thy high commandment never swerve.
Forgive if for the last time I was weak."

Out from the snow-white altar's covered chest
A swarm of little angels' faces flew,
And as the organ's sacred murmur grew,
The Valiant's innocence, the Dead's deep rest
With tranquil clearness soared the whole house
through.

The Shepherd's Day

The flocks were trudging from their winter
haunts.

Their youthful shepherd once again went forth
Upon the plain illumined by the stream.

The gaily wakened fields waved greetings gay
And singing lands were hailing him with joy.
He smiled unto himself and walked along
With wakening heart upon the spring-touched
ways.

Upon his crook he leaped across the ford,
And, as he halted at the other shore,
Rejoiced to see the gold that waves had washed
From underneath the stones, and fragile shells
Of many shapes and tints that promised luck.
The bleating of his lambs he heard no more,
And wandered to the woods, the cool ravine.
There brooks are rushing headlong down the
rocks—

The rocks where mosses drip and naked roots
Of sombre beeches darkly intertwine.
In silent contemplation of the leaves

STEFAN GEORGE

He fell asleep, although the sun was high
And silver scales were glistening in the stream.
He woke and climbing reached the mountain peak
To celebrate the passing of the light.
With sacred leaves he crowned his head and
prayed;
And through the mild and gently stirring shadows
Of darkening clouds soared forth his hearty lay.

LULU VON STRAUSS UND TORNEY

Born 1873 in Bückeburg

The Seafarer

The ship was bursting with a mighty crash:
Ablaze were bow and deck and every mast.
The old boat pitching rose to port: a splash—
A surging of gray waves—the gale's shrill blast—
Thundering orders—prayers—then cry on cry—
A blow, a headlong fall—God stand me by!—
Down, down. Black night upon all senses fell.

Mate, fill my glass! This yarn is long to tell.

'Twas in the deep I saw—I saw that sight.
They have no day down there, they have no night.
The sand is shimmering green. There planks lie
scattered,

Beside a giant mast in splinters shattered.
And up from pallid vines rise bubbles whirling—
From vines that evermore are swaying, curling,
Their long and wary tendril-arms unfurling.
And glistening shells among the wreckage lie
That snap without a sound when prey floats by,
And there are fish with lustre livid pale
That beat their tails transparent as a veil.

A restless host is wandering on down there,
A thousand thousand, an unnumbered band.
Their hands are stiff, their eyes unseeing stare;
With leaden feet they wade across the sand,
Wayfarers lost without a path or way—
Blue-jackets, grimy fellows, women folding
Limp arms round languid infants they are hold-
ing—

Who lived on sunken ships. Forlorn they stray,
Their names are lost, they wear strange garbs of
yore—

All those who went and then returned no more.

I saw them all like pallid phantoms pass,
As though I watched them through a blurring
glass.

One beckoned dumbly as he passed me by,
And so I followed him, I knew not why.
The way was endless and it grew and grew;
Our feet were tired and they stumbled too.
And him who fell, his helping neighbour raised.
A woman slipped and when I helped her, dazed
She hung upon my neck, a load of lead.
Deep blue abysses gaped. And overhead,
Like clouds upon the water gray and pale,
The shadows passed of many a giant whale.

One man I looked at more than all the rest,
His languid head hung limp upon his breast:
And then I knew old Peter Jens, the rover,
Who once went overboard, at night, by Dover.

I gently pulled his ragged shirt to say—
And then my voice seemed strange and far
away—

“Where are you bound?”—He looked with glassy
eye.

“We’re seeking, seeking, seeking!” his reply.

“What are you seeking, Jens?”—He answered:
“Land!”

Then all about who with us crept and drifted,
Their weary, pale and anguished faces lifted.
A wailing trembled all along the sand.

Yet all at once my power seemed to gain.
I turned about with mighty voice to call
Unto this lifeless, ever wandering train:
“Now courage! Follow me! God leads us all!”

My heart was quickened and it beat again,
And ever through the void all pale and still
I was drawn onward by an unknown will;—
Behind me crept that endless gloomy train.
How long a time elapsed, I did not know.
At times the darkness fainter seemed to grow—
The gloom that hung about on every hand—
And on the hard and livid waves of sand
Something arose quite near that seemed like land—
Within our grasp! And then again it faded.
The ugly brood that lurks within the deep
Pursued us lazily. Then faint and jaded,
Lost in the mighty void, we cannot keep
Our courage; stifled, all our hopes must cease—

No morning dawns! Ah, there is no release!
Wherefore this torment?

Faint they reeled and stayed
Worn out, beneath the everlasting shade.
"Where art Thou, God?" I cried, but no sound
made.—

—Now, now: a point! A sudden glimmer bright!
A crevice burst—a flood of light was gleaming,
The earth and sky with golden glow were stream-
ing!

Salvation! Hail! A rushing for the light!
I hurled the woman up unto the strand
And staggered, with my last force crying:
"Land!"

Here, mate! My glass is empty. Fill it, lad!
What next? Why, nothing. I can tell no more.
I only know—the night was very bad—
They found me lying on the Scottish shore.
My ship? The wreck? God knows where that
had stranded.

All those who in the night with me had landed
Were dead and cold. They've found a resting-
place:

A bit of earth, a cross. God give them grace!

Sometimes at night when there's a creaking, crash-
ing

And when the whistling winds the yards are
thrashing,

Against the hatches angry waves are splashing—
Then it comes over me: I seem to wander
Forever with those thousand others yonder!
Many I've seen for years, but ever more
Newcomers join—each night a mighty band!
Sometimes I find one whom I knew before;
He nods and dumbly stretches out his hand.
And many a comrade in that silent throng
I've borne upon my back or dragged along.
I see them, all the sea did ever swallow;
The others, too, I see: those yet to follow—
Many a youth who laughs with us to-day,
Upon whose heart no thoughts of dying weigh.
And step for step through all the night we go,
Deep, deep down there.

Jan Witt, ah, well you know,
No shaking then can wake me from my dream,
E'en should you shout to wake the dead, and
scream.

But I come back at early dawn of day,
When in the east the blackness turns to gray;
Then I awake. My head is dull and weighs
Like lead. And then I cannot laugh for days.
Ho, fellows, why so dumb? A roundelay!
For what the morrow brings, who cares to-day?
Heads high and gay! Our sailors' custom keep!
We men, when we're at home or when we fare
On foreign seas, each day our shroud must wear.
And He above—He also knows the deep!

BÖRRIES FREIHERR VON MÜNCH-
HAUSEN

Born 1874 in Hildesheim

Ballad of the Wall

Monteton, where is thy wall?
Chalençon, where is thy sword?
Where is thy tower, Tournefort?

Noblemen's swords, how their blades were all
sharp and good!
Noblemen's swords grew dull in plebeian thick
blood.

Tournefort's tower is black and burnt inside,
From the crest they banished the blazon-flag, its
pride.

And over the wall of the castle of Monteton
—"Vive le son!"—

Flutter the bloody fragments of song:
"Vive le son des canons!"

This side the wall there fights a nobleman,
Rash, desperate and always in the van—

Wherefore?—Red grows the earth's green ground
hereafter,

Bitter, bitter, bitter rings his laughter.

That side the wall a filthy ocean raves

In greedy and grasping and cowardly waves—

This side, that side—who knew, when the day was
spent?

The wall lay low, then rose of herbs a scent;

The battlement a sunken tombstone drear;

Wailing women, the clouds, on the grass wept
tear on tear.

Flickering death-lights—balconies, towers burn
on—

Cobblestones are the bier of a Monteton.

By the curs of the gutter o'ercome and wounded
to death, .

Bitterly, bitterly he laughs with last breath.

Monteton, where is thy wall?

Chalençon, where is thy sword?

Where is thy tower, Tournefort?

Our wall is the judge whom the king doth up-
hold,

Our sword is the army undaunted and bold,

Our tower the church—a steep tower and old!

But in Notre Dame on the altar—horrid sight!—

A naked woman performs a shameful rite,

BÖRRIES VON MÜNCHHAUSEN

A naked harlot bawls and screams and sings,
A wild and drunken roar through the cathedral
rings.

And judges—judges, too, are by,
As never more vile saw the human eye!
A butcher with bloody apron presides
And listens to lies with his fat ear—besides
His helpers: bullies and stable-boys plain,
The accuser a thief—ha, he can arraign!
And sentence on sentence the scythe whirring
saith:

To death!

To death what is calm and noble still,
To death, Cadore, to death d'Anville,
To death what better than they must be,
To death Clermont and Normandy,
To death!

Sentence on sentence the scythe whirring saith.

Monteton, where is thy wall?—

The dungeons of the temple are deep, so deep,
Deeper the captives' woe till death's last sleep!

Half rotten the basket where rests the Duchess
old,

As proud on this castaway seat as on throne of
pure gold,

About her stand marshal with bearing sure,

OUR TIME

The old names of the court, the Dames d'atour,
With delicate bows and smiles free and light.

Past the windows above, wheels thunder with
 might,
The pavement rebounds,
The singing resounds:
"Vive le son des canons!"

The howling of dogs that have torn their chains
 madly,
The roaring of those who celebrate badly,
The scream of the vulgar who long what is noble
 to blight—

But down there all is quiet and light.
No forehead grows pale, no eyelashes quiver,
As their lives they have lived, they meet death
 with no shiver!

A terrible clock is the prison gate
Every half-hour with its grating invidious.
Le Coucou, the hangman, long-armed and hid-
 eous—
Le Coucou steps out, who does not wait,
Who counts not the years of your young life—
 nay,
Not even the months till your wedding-day,
Comtesse de Neuilly!

BÖRRIES VON MÜNCHHAUSEN

Before the Duchess low she bends her dainty knee,
And with her three or four court ladies go,
And with her the cavaliers bow low;
With smiling lips she stands, and so:
"Votre bras, Monsieur le bourreau!"

The way through Paris, the way of blood—
Red-hot now surges the song's wild flood:
"Vive la carmagnole!"

But they are not abashed at all,
They walk into death without timid delay,
They are walking with talk and with laughter gay.
What holds them together fast, they know:
The wall that into the sky doth grow!
Though the stones be falling—the wall upward
 strives:
They smile in their death as they smiled in their
 lives.—

Monteton, that is our wall,
Chalençon, that is our sword,
That is our tower, Tournefort!

Mine Own Land

There gleams a plough in Thuringian land,
Steered by a firm and happy hand,
Through mine, oh mine own ground!
And mine is the plough and the horses are mine,

OUR TIME

And the silvery birch and the coal-black pine,
The herd by the forest edge found!

Is there in the world a happier lot
Than this one that I from my ancestors got?
At dawn I ride on my round.
The gains of the mart are cast off by my hand:
There gleams a plough in Thuringian land,
That goes through mine own ground!

Fairy Tale

Radiant eyes and cheeks glowing bright,
In the sofa corners, one left and one right.
And tightly clenched each little hand.

“So the king’s son left the forest-land
With the princess, glad his way to wend,
And now the story is at an end!”

Two mournful sighs. Each mouth small and red
Is closed a while in silence dead;
Two sentimental voices then:
“Again, Papa, please, please, again!”

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

Born 1874 in Vienna

Ballad of the Outer Life

And children with deep eyes grow up and stray
All innocent—lo, they grow up and die,
And every man is bent upon his way.

And bitter fruits will sweeten by and by,
And, like dead birds, will fall into the night,
And then decay as on the ground they lie.

The wind blows evermore in wayward flight,
And ever many words we say and hear,
Feel weariness of limb or young delight.

And streets run through the grass, and far and
near
Are gloomy pools and trees, and torches burn.
Some places threaten, some are deathlike,
sere . . .

Why are these things diverse—ah, can we learn?
And are there many more than we can say?
Why do we tremble, laugh and weep in turn?

Of what avail is all, and why this play?
For we are men, and lonely evermore,
And wandering seek no goal upon the way.

What profits all this seeing while we roam?
And yet, how much he says who utters "night"!
For from this word deep grief and meaning pour
Like heavy honey from the honeycomb.

RAINER MARIA RILKE

Born 1875 in Prag

Remembrance

You wait, with memories drifting,
For the something that made life blessed,
The mighty, the rare, the uplifting,
The awaking of stones, the rifting
That opened deeps unguessed.

The books in your shelves are staring
Golden and brown, as you muse
On the lands you crossed in your faring,
On pictures, on visions unsparing
Of women you had to lose.

All at once it comes back: now you know!
Trembling you rise, all aware
Of a year once long ago
With its grandeur and fear and prayer.

People at Night

The nights were not made for crowds, and they
sever

You from your neighbour, and you shall never

OUR TIME

Seek him, defiantly, at night.
But if you make your dark house light,
To look on strangers in your room,
You must reflect—on whom.

False lights that on men's faces play
Distort them gruesomely.
You look upon a disarray,
A world that seems to reel and sway,
A waving, glittering sea.

On foreheads gleams a yellow shine,
Where thoughts are chased away,
Their glances flicker mad from wine,
And to the words they say
Strange heavy gestures make reply
That struggle in the buzzing room;
And they say always "I" and "I,"
And mean—they know not whom.

Glimpse of a Childhood

The darkness in the room is pregnant, seeming
To fold about the boy who hides himself;
And when his mother enters, as if dreaming,
A glass is trembling on the quiet shelf.
She feels that now her entrance is betrayed,
And kisses her small boy: "Oh, you are
there!" . . .

They glance at the piano where she played

On many evenings the beloved air
That strangely on the child its magic laid.

He sits quite still. With wondering eyes he sees
Her hand, weighed down beneath the ring, and
slow,

As if it walked against a gale through snow,
Move on the snow-white keys.

Growing Blind

She sat, like all the rest of us, at tea.
It seemed at first as if she raised her cup
Not quite as all the others held theirs up.
She smiled: her smile was pitiful to see.

And when we rose at last with talk and laughter,
And through the many rooms with idle pace,
As chance would have it, strolled from place to
place—

Then I saw her. She slowly followed after,

Restrained, like one who must be calm and cool
Because she soon will sing before a crowd;
Upon her happy eyes, without a cloud,
The light fell from outside, as on a pool.

She followed slowly, hesitating, shy,
As if some height or bridge must still be passed,
And yet—as if, when that was done, at last
She would no longer walk her way, but fly.

Moonlight Night

South German night, spread out beneath the moon,
And mild as if all fairy tales were there;
The hours fall from the steeple in a swoon,
As if into some deep and hidden lair.—
A murmur and a rustling round the pond,
Then silence hangs but empty in the air;
And then a violin (God knows from where)
Awakes and says quite tranquilly:

A blonde—

The Knight

The knight rides forth in blackest mail,
The rustling world to meet.
Out there he finds all: the day and the dale
And the friend and the foe and the castle's pale,
And fair May and fair maid and the woods and
the grail,
And God Himself doth never fail
To stand upon the street.

But within the knightly armour yonder,
Behind that gloomy wringing,
Cowers death and has to ponder, ponder:
When will the blade come springing
Over the iron wall,
The stranger, freedom bringing,
That from my hiding-place shall call

Me forth, where I for many a day
Am waiting, crouched and clinging,
That I may stretch out, once for all,
With play
And singing?

Maiden Melancholy

A young knight comes into my mind,
As in some old, old saying.

He came. Thus comes the storm to bind
You in its mantle, all entwined.
He went. Thus you are left behind
By church-bell's blessing—to yourself confined
When you are praying—
You want to scream into the calm, but find
You do but gently weep, your face, inclined,
Into your cool scarf laying.

A young knight comes into my mind.
In arms I see him straying.

His smile, it was so mild and kind:
Like sheen of ivory enshrined,
Or like a homesick longing blind,
Like Christmas snow where dark ways wind,
Like turquoise stone that sea-pearls bind,
Like moonlight kind
On some dear volume playing.

Autumn Day

Lord: it is time. The summer was so grand.
Upon sundials now Thy shadow lay,
Set free Thy winds and send them o'er the land.

Command to ripen those last fruits of Thine;
And give them two more southern days of grace
To reach their perfect fullness, and then chase
The final sweetness into heavy wine.

Who now is homeless, ne'er will build a home.
Who now is lonely, long alone will stay,
Will watch and read and write long letters gray,
And in the long lanes to and fro will roam
All restless, as the drifting fall-leaves stray.

Autumn

The leaves are falling, falling as from far,
As if far gardens in the skies were dying;
They fall, and ever seem to be denying.

And in the night, the earth, a heavy ball,
Into a starless solitude must fall.

We all are falling. My own hand no less
Than all things else; behold, it is in all.
Yet there is One who, utter gentleness,
Holds all this falling in His hands to bless.

The Last Supper

Here they are gathered, wondering and deranged,
Round Him, who wisely doth Himself inclose,
And who now takes Himself away, estranged,
From those who owned Him once, and past them
flows.

He feels the ancient loneliness to-day
That taught Him all His deepest acts of love;
Now in the olive groves He soon will rove,
And these who love Him all will flee away.

To the last supper table He hath led.
As birds are frightened from a garden-bed
By shots, so He their hands forth from the bread
Doth frighten by His word: to Him they flee;
Then flutter round the table in their fright
And seek a passage from the hall. But He
Is everywhere, like dusk at fall of night.

From the "Book of the Monk's Life"

I

I am, Thou Anxious One. Dost Thou not hear
My surging senses break 'gainst Thee alone?
My feelings all, that snow-white wings have
grown,
Fly round Thy visage in a sphere.

OUR TIME

Dost Thou not see my soul now standing near,
Clad in a garb of stillness, facing Thee?
Doth not my spring-like prayer, as on a tree,
Grow ripe beneath Thy glance, that mighty
beam?

If Thou the Dreamer art, I am Thy dream.
But when Thou art awake, I am Thy will,
And then I gain a majesty sublime
And spread like star-lit heavens, calm and still,
Above this odd, fantastic city, Time.

II

All those who live and move away
From Time, that city of distress,
All who their hands on stillness lay,
Upon a place where no roads stray,
That hardly doth a name possess—
Thee, blessing high of every day,
They name, and write in gentleness:

But prayers alone are real—naught more;
Our hands are sanctified—behold!
What they have fashioned doth implore:
If one doth mow, or sacred lore
Doth paint—the very tools adore,
In toil a piety unfold.

And time in many shapes is told.
We hear of time and yet we do

The everlasting and the old.
We know that God us doth enfold
Grand like a beard, a garment, too.
We lie within His glory's gold,
As veins the hard basalt run through.

HERMANN HESSE

Born 1877 in Kalw (Württemberg)

In the Fog

To wander in fog—how queer!
Lonely are bush and stone,
No tree sees the other near,
Each is alone.

Once my world was full of friends,
When my life still had light;
Now that the fog descends,
Not one is in sight.

Only he is wise who knows
The steady gloom to fall
That slowly round him grows,
Severed from all.

To wander in fog—how queer!
Solitude is life's own.
No man sees the other near,
Each is alone.

Talk in a Gondola

What I dream, you ask? That yesterday
We had died, we two. In fair array—
Clad in white, our hair with flowers wound—
In our gondola we're seaward bound.
Bells from yonder campanile peal,
But the water gurgles round the keel,
Drowns the distant toll that's gently failing.
Onward, onward to the sea we're sailing,
Where the ships with masts that tower high,
Sombre shadows, rest against the sky,
Where on fishing-boats there gleam the moist,
Deep-stained red and yellow sails they hoist,
Where the roaring mighty waves are swelling,
Where the sailors lurid tales are telling.
Through a gate of bluest water, deeply
Downward now our boat is gliding steeply.
In the depths we find a widening range
Filled with many trees of coral strange,
Where in lustrous shells that hidden gleam
Pale gigantic pearls alluring beam.
Silvery fishes pass us, glistening, shy,
Leaving tinted trails as they flit by,
In whose furrows other fish instead
Gleam with slender tails of golden red.
At the bottom, fathoms deeps, we dream:
As if bells were calling, it will seem,
Now and then, as if from some far land

Winds sang songs we cannot understand,
Songs of narrow streets we long ago
Left behind, of things we used to know—
Songs so far, far off about the ways
That we trod in long forgotten days.
And with wonder we'll remember slowly
Now a street, now some cathedral holy,
Or the shouting of a gondolier—
Many names that once we used to hear.
Smiling then, as children smile in sleep,
We our silent lips still moving keep,
And the word will, ere it spoken seems,
Fall into oblivion, death in dreams.
Over us the mighty vessels float,
Sails are bright on many a sombre boat,
Snow-white birds in gleaming sunshine fly,
Glist'ning nets upon the water lie;
Spanning all, with arches high and true
Glow the heavens' vault of sunlit blue.

ALFRED WALTER VON HEYMEL

Born 1878 in Dresden. Died 1914 in the war

Song of an Enamoured Prince

For a few hours of thy charming discourse
I have now ridden seven moons.
Timid delay was unknown to my horse,
Fear to my servants. Over the dunes,
Through the forests and the dark
We have struggled painfully.
Ere the dawn awoke the lark,
We would sing of thee, of thee.
Greetings to thee my steeds would neigh;
I sang my longing, lovelorn lay.
My men would all take up my tune,
And so we roused the sunlight soon—
The sun that followed on our way,
To thee, thou sun, my sunshine gay.

And I have reached thee now at last:
I kiss and kiss thy hand. My heart
Is beating lightly and so fast,
As if it flew, an aimless dart!
To-day I may be thy favoured knight;
That gives me joy for all time to come.

OUR TIME

The horses are ready at fall of night.
A passing farewell—and so we ride home,
For seven moons; and every day
My bliss must be more far away.—
Nay, thou within my heart shalt be,
For I am so in love with thee!

AGNES MIEGEL

Born 1879 in Königsberg

The Fair Agnete

When Sir Ulrich's widow in church knelt to pray,
From the church yard toward her floated a lay.

The organ on high did cease to sound,
The priests and the boys all stood spellbound;
The congregation hearkened, old man, child and
 bride

To singing like a nightingale's so fair, outside:
"Dear mother, in the church where the sexton's
 bell rings,

Dear mother, hark outside how your daughter
 sings!

For I cannot come to you in the church—ah, nay,
Before the shrine of Mary I cannot kneel to pray,
For I have lost salvation in everlasting time,
For I wedded the waterman with all his black,
 black slime.

My children—they play in the lake with fishes
 fleet,

They have fins on their hands and fins on their
 feet,

Their little pearly frocks no sunlight ever dries,

OUR TIME

Not death nor yet a dream can close my children's eyes.—

Dear mother, oh, I beg of thee,
Lovingly, longingly:

Wilt thou and all thy servants pray
For my green-haired water-sprites alway,
Will ye pray to the saints and to our Lady kind,
By every church and every cross that on the fields
ye find!

Dearest mother, I beseech thee so—
Every seven years I may hither go—
Unto the good priest tell,
The church door he shall open well—
That I may see the candle-light
And see the golden monstrance bright,
That my little children may be told
How the gleam of the Cup is like sunlight gold!"

The organ pealed when the voice sang no more,
And then they opened wide the door—
And while they all inside high mass were keep-
ing,
A wave all white, so white, outside was leaping.

H. ZUCKERMANN

Austrian Cavalry Song

1914

There in the meadow-land
Two jackdaws cry—
Is it on Danube's strand
I'll have to lie?
Or in a Polish grave?
Before my soul shall fly,
I'll fight a rider brave.

There on the field I see
Two ravens scurry.
Shall I the first one be
Whom they must bury?
What's that to me!
Many hundred thousands hurry
In Austria's cavalry.

There in the evening breath
Hover two crows:
When comes the reaper Death
Who mows and mows?
We're not afraid!
If but our banner blows
Over Belgrade!

REINHOLD S., A SCHOOLBOY

Born 1903

For Us!

1915

Far, far in the east is a gaping grave,
There they bury thousands of soldiers brave
For us!

In the west the humble crosses show
Where they lie dumb in many a row
For us!

Where storms are blowing over the sea,
They gave their lives so willingly
For us!

They gave their blood, their life's desire,
They gave it all with sacred fire
For us!

And we? We can but weep and pray
For those who bloody and trodden lay
For us!

There is no word, no way to thank
All those who suffered, those who sank
For us!

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